JOHN BULL, MARCH 22, 1941. TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXIX 1814

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE FOR A.R.P. WORKERS

ROLL OUT THE BUMBLES

THE WINNING ACE By A.G.G.

Don't blame the shopkeeper

HOW THE GROCER IS HELPING TO WIN THE WAR

Looking after coupons, chasing after supplies of the right brand of this or that, protecting the ordinary housewife against the hoarder and the food-hog — that's the war-work of Britain's grocers.

They give a square deal to everyone they can — and what do they get for it? No George Crosses — no overtime pay. Just endless piles of thankless work.

Cadburys, like many other great manufacturers, find it impossible to supply all the goods they are asked for — so when your grocer can't supply all your order, don't blame *him*.

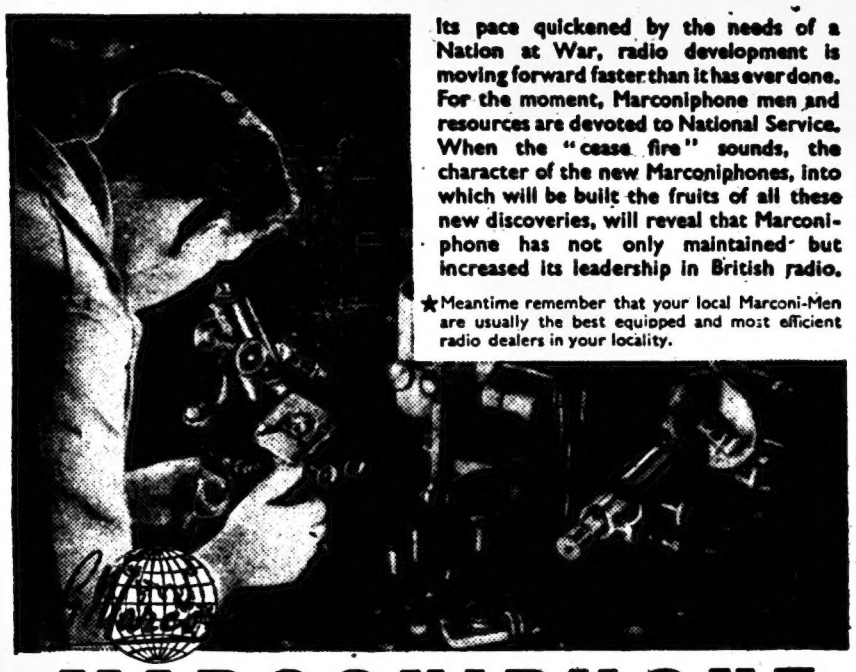
Instead Cadburys ask you to join them in saying 'Thank you' to the grocers of Britain.

ISSUED BY

CADBURYS

as a tribute to the good work being done by British retailers

RADIO MARCHES ON!



Its pace quickened by the needs of a Nation at War, radio development is moving forward faster than it has ever done. For the moment, Marconiphone men and resources are devoted to National Service. When the "cease fire" sounds, the character of the new Marconiphones, into which will be built the fruits of all these new discoveries, will reveal that Marconiphone has not only maintained but increased its leadership in British radio.

★Meantime remember that your local Marconi-Men are usually the best equipped and most efficient radio dealers in your locality.

MARCONIPHONE

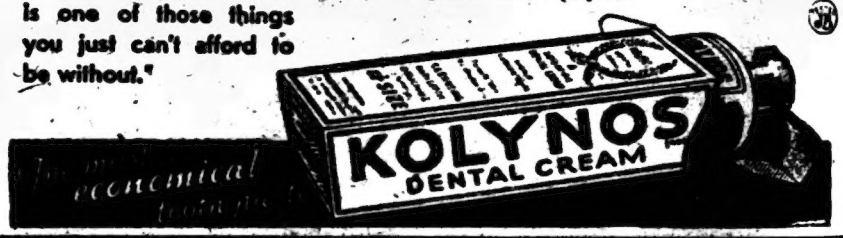
the REAL thing in RADIO

THE MARCONIPHONE COMPANY LIMITED

The Squadron Leader SWEARS by Kolynos!

Not all the Messerschmitts in creation can disturb the equanimity of the Squadron Leader. Whatever the odds, he remains cool, calm and collected, the living embodiment of a refrigerator. When he does swear, his language is deliberate. Witness the occasion when young Smithers, one of his Pilots who had inadvertently left behind his emergency tube of Kolynos, broke formation to return for it. "Mind you", said the Squadron Leader subsequently, "I wouldn't say the excuse wasn't a good one. Kolynos is one of those things you just can't afford to be without."

From all Chemists and Stores at 2/2, 1/3 & 7½d. per tube.
(Incl. Purchase Tax).



Now, as always, THE BEST VALUE ON THE MARKET

★ *Still made from pre-war stocks of fine tobaccos, carefully selected and stored in large quantities to ensure that the De Reszke standard of quality is maintained*

CORK TIPPED AS WELL AS PLAIN

10 FOR 6½D

20 FOR 1/1D

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LIMITED

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, March 22, 1941
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

LOOKING AHEAD

● **War has its gleams of humour.**

Never before have Paris fortune-tellers and clairvoyants been so busy, says the Nazi-controlled French radio.

Their parlours are always full; their prophecies are eagerly believed and widely circulated.

But, says the wireless announcer, even the predictions of the most famous seers of history always failed—or were faked to suit some event.

Why is the Nazi spokesman so anxious to warn the French against clairvoyants?

Because clients are being told what they wish to believe—that Hitler will soon be assassinated, that the Nazis will be kicked out this year, and that Britain will liberate France.

And here's the joke:

Most of these clairvoyants, asserts Radio Paris, are agents of the British Secret Service and forecast the future according to instructions from London!

HITLER'S UNLUCKY MARCH

No longer is March the Beast of Berchtesgaden's lucky month.

More significant than his conquests in the March of previous years, more decisive than his Balkan thrust now in progress, is the offensive just started against him.

Its vanguard is on the move. And that is the greatest news of the war.

Full Out Now!

Lorries laden with guns and shells rumble through American streets by night and day.

Docks are choked with bombers and mosquito boats.

Merchant ships are being built at top speed.

Tanks are beginning to trundle out of the factories.

Enormous quantities of food are being moved up to the coast.

Aid for Britain is on the way. Such mighty aid that Britain need no longer wage a "**holding war**" **and nurse her** reserves.

His Death Warrant

President **Roosevelt did not wait for** the Ides of March, **the 15th, to chill the** blood of Europe's modern Cæsar.

He signed Hitler's death warrant on the 11th.

The **R.A.F. is not waiting for six** months, when the force of that warrant will become overwhelming, to make its implications clear to Hitler's public.

Heaviest-Ever

On December 14 last year JOHN BULL told you that the **R.A.F. would wage a** short but intensive offensive early in the New Year, to be followed in early Spring by the heaviest attacks ever known.

January brought that first offensive. Last week began the major onslaught.

Night after night, whenever weather conditions permit, our incomparable new bombers will wreak havoc in industrial Germany.

Damage to Morale!

Their object will be to paralyse the German economic and military machine.

But it is inevitable that German civilian life and property should be endangered, our Air Ministry comments drily.

Last Effort

We, too, must face heavy attacks.

Though our aircraft production is expanding faster than Germany's, Goering still has a bigger reserve of bombers.

Our authorities expect him to make one more attempt to break down our defences. They add confidently, "When this attack fails, like the one delivered last autumn, the initiative will pass to us."

Quiet Work

None is more confident than shy Sir Archibald Sinclair.

And who should know better than the Air Minister how mighty the R.A.F. will become this summer?

Mr. Churchill has high regard for Sir Archibald. The public will soon share that appreciation of hard work and well-laid plans.

U-Boats' Grave

Not only are we raining down on German factories the heaviest-ever weight of bombs.

Not only are we clawing down from the night skies an increasing proportion of Goering's raiders.

We are sending down to the depths of the Atlantic many, many U-boats. When these figures can be published they will surprise our friends across the ocean.

Waste Not

Inevitably, the Battle of the Atlantic will cost us dearly.

Despite American shipping aid, we must not waste an inch of cargo space. We must be prepared to tighten our belts.

Above all, domestic waste must be realised for what it is—a waste of seamen's lives.

There cannot be too many "musts" if we are to survive Hitler's desperate attempt to cut us off from the New World's all-important supplies.

They're Ready

On land, we face many perils in the Balkans.

But the enemy's diversion in a new theatre of war did not find us unprepared.

Remember those conversations between General Dill and Turkey's Marshal Chakmak.

Famed Fighter

We know how fearlessly the Turks can fight. It is believed that Chakmak is the finest fighter Turkey has ever had.

We know how shrewd a strategist is Dill from the plans he drew up with Wavell for our smashing victories in Africa.

Their precise action waits upon events. It would be foolish to speculate upon them.

But from the action already taken it is clear that we shall not deprive our Greek allies of powerful support.

Musso the Serf

Henceforth, we strike against Germany with all our might. We have succeeded in our blows against Italy.

Italy has become as much a vassal as Rumania.

Most of her Ministers have left Rome. Their work has been taken over by German "advisers." Italian economy is now under Nazi control.

Big Balance

New trade agreement between Rome and Berlin means that German war materials will be sent to Italy, who will be expected to pay after the war.

But there is a big margin in Germany's favour.

So Mussolini will sink deeper and deeper into Hitler's debt.

Hitler's Needs

Italy and new Balkan adventures cannot provide Hitler with the means to withstand a long war.

Unless he can win quickly, he will need the wheat of the Ukraine and the oil of Baku.

No doubt that is the meaning of the new "nerve war" against Soviet Russia.

Stalin Sits Tight

It will probably prove as unsuccessful as the attempt to frighten Turkey.

But do not imagine that Stalin will react by jumping into the Allied camp.

He will continue to sit on the fence until—and if—Hitler actually pushes him off.

Nazi Troubles

Meanwhile, the Nazis must grapple with contraction at home as well as expansion abroad.

An American expert on foreign affairs, returning from Germany, lists these "vital" weaknesses in the Nazis' Fatherland!

Shortages of food, clothing and oil; dislocated transport.

Fires and Fear

It has become known through neutral travellers that bomb damage to the Nazi war plant is even more serious than was first suspected.

They speak of calamitous fires that destroyed irreplaceable stocks and machinery.

They agree that the effect on German morale has been considerable.

Germans never believed, in their hearts the Nazi sneers that the British were a decadent nation. They have been given ample reason to fear us.

With the result that labour troubles are spreading.

Work and Save!

The R.A.F. will make German difficulties worse confounded. Our Mediterranean forces will continue their hammer blows. American aid will presently turn the scales definitely in our favour

Meanwhile, we in Britain must work and save as never before.

And we can face the future with grim confidence!

(Continued overleaf.)

AIR RAIDS! GAS ATTACKS!

A FREE INSURANCE POLICY

Underwritten at LLOYD'S

FOR EVERY READER

Including

Home Guards, Police, A.F.S., Wardens, Spotters, Fire Watchers, Ambulance Drivers, etc.

See page 21

Behind the News

● **R.A.F. attacks are destroying German morale. News comes from the same sources that supplied our Labour movement for years with secret information that always proved correct.**

● *Naturally, morale is lowest in worst-bombed areas—Hamburg, Cologne, Dusseldorf and the Ruhr; in the south, Mannheim and Ludwigshafen. But it is also falling in districts where not a single bomb has been dropped.*

● **Bricklayers of all ages have been mobilised, placed under Army discipline, and rushed to war factories blitzed by the R.A.F.**

● **Sabotage and spying by French patriots have become widespread; heavy fines are inflicted on the least suspicion; no correspondence is allowed with other parts of the country.**

● *In Havre, most inhabitants leave the town long before the 7 p.m. curfew, take shelter in the country from R.A.F. raids and, the Nazis allege, signal to British 'planes.*

● **Same story is reported from Calais, Boulogne, Cherbourg and Bordeaux. Nazis punish "hostages" in their endeavour to find scapegoats to explain their own inability to stop our airmen.**

● **This nightly exodus is developing into a Nazi nightmare. If they keep the people in town to stop "obstruction," the damage caused by the R.A.F. cannot be hidden.**

● *Greatest laugh against Nazi faked film, "Victory in the West," came in a scene showing a British liner being torpedoed by a U-boat. Thousands among the audiences in all countries recognised the derelict French liner "Paris"!*

● **Another Nazi trick has been exposed: camouflage of their own 'planes destroyed by the R.A.F. so as to make them look like British machines brought down by the *Luftwaffe*. It is gradually dawning on the Germans how few people are now bluffed.**

● **With little left to buy in looted occupied territory, Nazi troops are drinking heavily and paying with faked currency that buys them more liquor than otherwise. Discipline is suffering; men are becoming disinclined for "invasion practice."**

STRAIGHT from the SHOULDER

(Continued from preceding page)

MAN employed by firm in South-East England visits a military camp each day.

Yet his pass bears the name of a previous employee, is rarely scrutinised, and his name has never been checked.

They wouldn't take such chances in Naziland.

Black List

But visitors to arms works are now made to answer a drastic questionnaire—place of birth, parents' nationality, and so on.

Nothing lax, either, in the Post Office censorship of letters to and from suspected persons.

Some of the suspects have well-known names.

Last Round-up

Very different round-up now in progress concerns conscientious objectors who, ordered to war jobs, are trying to dodge.

National Service officers are on their track.

Of 35,000 objectors examined by tribunals, only 2,239 have been fully exempted from military service, 13,000 ordered to civil war work, 10,300 drafted to non-combatant military service, and more than 9,300 sent to the Army without qualification.

Let Them Stay!

Minister of Health needs to be a modern Solomon.

Many people who left their homes and furniture during the blitz are now returning from safer areas—to find that billeting officers have taken over their houses for bombed-out families.

Which families are to have possession? JOHN BULL advises the Minister of Health to decide in favour of the bombed-out.

No Shelter

Another problem: Should children who have found refuge with their parents in taverns be turned out during air raids?

Licensees of country inns near Bristol are being summoned for failing to do so.

You can imagine what JOHN BULL thinks about it. And we can imagine what you think.

Insult to Death

Imagine, too, the feelings of London parents whose little girl was killed by enemy action at her country billet last November.

They have just received a demand for billeting payment from November last year to February, 1941.

So bitter a blunder cannot be excused.

Victimisation

Blunders continue in the fire-watching scheme.

Part-time A.F.S. man has been told by his shipbuilder employers that unless he undertakes fire-watching for his firm he can "ask for his cards."

This is absolutely against Mr. Morrison's instructions. Any such case should be reported to him.

Bigger Profits Wanted

Campaign for reduction of Excess Profits Duty from 100 to 80 per cent. is now in full swing.

Some big employers argue that they should be allowed bigger war profits in order to afford extensions to plant and also to meet any post-war slump.

Remembering what happened in the last war—when shipowners alone made £262,000,000 in three years—the Government should stand firm.

Who are the Rats!

Admittedly, E.P.D. hits the firms who suffered lean times immediately before the war. It is no hardship to those who reaped enormous profits from the re-armament boom.

Every intelligent citizen should read a little book with the blistering title of *Rats* (Gollancz, 5s.), which explains the war time operations of Big Business.

It should prevent the Cabinet from being unduly influenced by the Bigger Profits champions.

Waste Means Want

Battle of the Atlantic will aggravate the paper shortage.

But local food offices still bombard traders with sheets twelve inches long that bear less than half a dozen words.

Last week, in a cotton mill on the Air Ministry list, a bonfire was made of truck-loads of unused envelopes and foolscap paper.

Just to help Jerry, of course.

For Future Needs

However, don't write to the Ministry of Supply—or JOHN BULL—about huge dumps of scrap metal that seem to have been forgotten.

They are reserves. And they shouldn't deter you from saving *every* scrap of *any* material.

On the Register

Not so easy to understand is why 217,546 men and boys are still out of jobs.

But 35,000 are unfit for ordinary industrial work. Seventy thousand are on short time, will soon be working again, 16,585 are casual workers, and only 50,000 are men under fifty who have been idle for more than a month.

It is this last group that causes concern to Mr. Bevin.

Idle Expert

One of its members, for example, is a man of forty, a metal pattern maker, who can work to fine limits. He is an expert on castings, capstan work, assembly and inspection.

Yet he is offered only a labourer's job!

Army Dodger!

Contrast is provided by an overseer in a Government munitions factory, aged thirty-two, and formerly a barber.

He knows so little of his job that the other day he asked a grinder for what purpose he used a diamond!

It Isn't Slacking

Arms workers write indignantly to complain that Sunday shifts have been stopped.

We admire their spirit. But no man can work seven days a week, year in and year out, and maintain health. Impaired health means impaired production.

Canteen Capers

Croydon has a municipal poultry farm. So should every borough. But let us hope that Croydon's method of distribution has no imitator.

Of the 3,017 eggs produced, 2,753 have been supplied to the Town Hall canteen, 264 sold to the Fire Brigade.

None to the borough sanaterium.

Money for Nothing

Supervisor of a firm employed on painting Government premises tells us that he has to use every trick of the trade to avoid doing the work his firm is paid for.

One-third of the work specified on R.A.F. stations is never done, he adds, and large sums are spent in paying twice over for the same job.

Air Ministry, please note—and investigate.

Why the Writ!

A Leeds trader owed £27 9s. 6d. Unable to pay quickly because of war difficulties, he sent a cheque for £18 9s. 6d., hoped to send the rest next week.

Now he has received a High Court writ for the full sum of £27 odd, plus £5 10s. costs.

It should be made compulsory for such petty matters to be first laid before a county court.

Milk-and-water Swindle

Glamorgan Health Committee has performed a public service by criticising some magistrates.

It refers to the paltry fines imposed on retailers who add high percentages of water to milk, and thus rob mothers and children of vital nutriment.

JOHN BULL has always advocated jail for this offence, and still does.

Wardens Don't Count

A.R.P. needs more than volunteers. It still wants equipment.

Wardens at Iver, Bucks, threatened to resign unless they received steel helmets and rubber boots. They got them—but only a third of the number required.

Does the county council care?

Desire "Revolution"

The Church, like Parliament, has its Emergency Powers. Clergy whose churches are closed or demolished can be transferred to other areas without loss of income or legal status.

But some bishops won't use these powers.

So vicars of some bombed churches are acting as curates in parishes where there is no work for them to do, or in churches where the congregation numbers twenty or less.

In other districts there is a shortage of priests.

Not surprising, therefore, that the clergy want a revolution in church affairs.

Free Radios

Are you a member of a Fire Watching party, any other of the Civil Defence Services, or of the Home Guard?

If so, you must not miss the splendid Free Radio Offer which awaits you on page 23 this week.

Roll Out the Bumbles!

LOCAL anæsthetics, as most people know, are used to put parts of the human body to sleep. Local Government anæsthetics are having the same effect upon the body politic of this country.

With some notable exceptions, the laxiness, muddle-headedness and stupidity of our local councils are becoming a serious drag on the nation's war effort.

It is true that a few councils have rendered their own districts and the country magnificent service, but they are so few that their vitality and common-sense have been almost submerged in the general welter of pompous inefficiency and sloth.

Ministers, who hoped to find active support of their plans among the civic fathers, have often found nothing but "mayors' nests."

Last week we told you how the National Salvage Campaign had "gone into a decline" chiefly because the local authorities have declined to do anything much to prevent it.

TO-DAY WE DENOUNCE THESE SAME AUTHORITIES FOR THE WITLESS OR WILFUL NEGLECT OF OTHER IMPORTANT WAR TIME RESPONSIBILITIES.

Taking them by and large they have made a miserable failure of the "dig for victory" campaign. They have not attempted to put their backs into it, and some of them seem to have dug in their toes against it.

The result is that thousands of would-be diggers have been discouraged, and millions of ordinary men and women under local government anæsthetics are not yet food conscious.

Consider these facts. There are in this country at least five million homes with gardens large enough for vegetable cultivatio...

In total area they represent two million full-size allotments, each of which could supply an average family with vegetables for nine months.

But not half of them are producing any food at all.

JOHN BULL says bluntly that the local councils are chiefly to blame for this.

The proof of this statement lies in the fact that splendid results have been obtained by the small minority of energetic authorities.

For instance, Reigate, Surrey, formed a Home Food Production Corps. Its members galvanised the whole district into activity. They held meetings, paid house-to-house visits, offered expert advice, enrolled volunteers to work the gardens of elderly and infirm neighbours.

THE MAYOR OF FINCHLEY, NORTH LONDON SUBURB, WHERE THE COUNCIL HAS BEEN SIMILARLY ENERGETIC, WAS ABLE TO ANNOUNCE THE OTHER DAY THAT 95 PER CENT. OF THE GARDENS THERE WOULD BE GROWING FOOD THIS SPRING!

When it comes to allotments, however, the help of the local authorities is essential, and in general it has failed the public.

Scores of letters from our readers testify to this, and JOHN BULL endorses their complaints from its own knowledge.

Again and again local councils have stubbornly refused to set aside suitable land. Until recently one quarter of the country's allotments were in the Greater London area.

When ground was made available to willing workers it often proved to be scarcely worth the digging. Water was sometimes unavailable, and the authorities would not be bothered to lay it on.

Allotments were frequently provided at such a distance from the people's homes that rail or bus fares would have cost more than the produce would ever have been worth.

Yet we know of many districts, even urban districts, where there is good and convenient land "going begging."

And there are men and women eager to work it. One council opened up some new allotments only a week or two ago There was no publicity, but they were snapped up within a few days.

Then another field was taken over, and the lists were closing before it had been pegged out.

We say that if the local councils had really done their best to promote the allotment campaign from the start they could have doubled or trebled the results so far obtained.

Without Fear or Favour

★

By THE EDITOR

The proof again lies in the exceptions to the general rule. Where available land has been well chosen, and offered in good time for the season's work, there has been no lack of volunteers.

But in such areas the allotmenteers are encouraged by their councils. They can get all the advice and help they need. In some cases they have been enabled to buy their implements at wholesale prices. In others efforts have been made to help them dispose of surplus produce.

This driving publicity and this practical help ought to be general throughout the country. The lack of it is a disgrace to local government.

JOHN BULL holds the local authorities largely responsible for most of the billeting scandals which have been exposed from time to time in our pages.

TIMID TOWN CLERKS AND LOCALLY APPOINTED BILLETING OFFICERS HAVE BEEN AFRAID OF OFFENDING THE LOCAL "BIG WIGS," WITH THE RESULT THAT BOMBED-OUT CHILDREN HAVE SOMETIMES BEEN "HAWKED FROM DOOR TO DOOR."

At Ilfracombe recently the chairman of the U.D.C. said that he was determined to use all his powers to prevent people from "dodging the column" and refusing to accept evacuees from Bristol.

So he should do. The "important" householders are the chief offenders, and we know of districts where, with one accord, they begin to make excuses directly a billeting officer knocks at the door.

But remember that the councils have compulsory powers. The trouble is that they so often refuse to use them.

FIRE-WATCHING is the most recent of the local councils' war time responsibilities. When the call for watchers was first made by the Government more than a million eager volunteers responded to it throughout the country.

This, in the view of many complacent mayors, aldermen and councillors, not only made it unnecessary for them to use their compulsory powers, but absolved them from taking any further personal interest in the matter.

AND THE RESULT IS THAT IN MANY "SAFE AREAS" THERE IS NO COMPREHENSIVE, BUSINESSLIKE PLAN AT ALL. EVERYTHING HAS BEEN LEFT TO THE OVER-WORKED WARDENS AND THE HOUSEHOLDERS THEMSELVES.

JOHN BULL asserts that every good council ought to see to it at once that this important service is working smoothly and efficiently throughout its area. Those that do not do so are betraying the trust of their fellow citizens.

Space does not permit us to discuss the inherent weaknesses of local government which war conditions have revealed, but we cannot close this indictment of slothful and complacent authorities without mention of the wilful shirkers.

We refer to the absentee aldermen and councillors, many of whom have left their bombed boroughs for safer parts.

In Bristol, the other day, Alderman W. H. Hennessy, Labour, addressing a half-empty chamber, said: "The Council has broken up and hopped it, as though it had no more responsibility to the citizens."

WE HAVE NO RESPECT FOR RUNAWAYS. WE UNDERSTAND THAT THE GOVERNMENT HAS BEEN ASKED TO CONSIDER WHETHER IT WOULD NOT BE ADVISABLE TO DECLARE ALL ABSENTEE SEATS VACANT, AND WE THINK IT SHOULD.

IT must be admitted, however, that a vacant mind is as useless as a vacant seat.

Even in peace time local government was always cursed by the membership of people who refused to take their jobs seriously. In those days they had nothing but a nuisance value, but now they have become a dangerous nuisance.

Why dangerous? Because a large part of the nation's war effort is, and must be, guided by the local authorities. They set the pace for the rest of the community and, hitherto, most of them have been miserable pacemakers.

The public is not free from blame, for if it is not getting proper service from its local council it should pester it with complaints, spur it into action, gibe and drive and kick it into "getting a move on."

But, as for the sleepy civic fathers themselves, we can only warn them that the country is sick of "mayors' nests," and that, if they do not soon wake up to their responsibilities, they may one day find themselves shorn of their powers, divested of their authority and doomed to oblivion and contempt.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Learn to Think

PEOPLE are often very sceptical when they are told it is necessary to learn to think.

They smile, as though to say: "We think, anyhow. We can't help thinking. We're not able to choose. We're born that way."

Yes—and no. Certainly you have a brain; therefore thoughts pass through your mind. But that isn't thinking. It's just having thoughts.

To think means to think correctly. Your thoughts must be constructive, leading steadily towards some end.

So far, indeed, is correct thinking from being an instinct or a gift of Nature, that it has had to be elaborated into a complete science called Logic.

Just as the laws of Grammar set up a standard of correct speaking and writing, and the laws of Ethics set up a standard of behaviour and of morals, so do the laws of Logic set up a standard of thought.

Just now we're living in a world that is being drenched with fallacies, and some of them are mighty difficult to detect.

It's up to us all to use our brains and look out that we're not "had."

There are people who trade on the ignorance of those they address, and others who seek to cloud judgment by subtle flattery.

The most difficult to spot are those who suppress part of the truth and suggest thereby something that is wholly false.

The only safe guide through this mental jungle is your own brain and your own ability to use it.

It's the one responsibility that you should never let anyone assume for you.

OPEN LETTERS

Signor MUSSOLINI, Hitler's Office Boy

BENITO,—You know now how miserably a braggart can be humiliated. And the world can see the depths of despair in which a demi-god has been forced to grovel.

More eloquent than any of your bombastic harangues is the letter from you that was found on the body of one of your castor-oil Ministers, killed in Albania.

"Check the Greeks at all costs," you adjured him, "lest Fascism die dishonourably."

"Fascist Italy bases her last hopes on your resistance. Do save her!"

Only nine months ago you were swaggering and posturing in the assurance of cheap victory.

Since then you have lost 14?,000 troops to General Wavell's Forces. About as many have perished or been captured in battles with the Greeks.

Three of your six battleships have been sunk, eight cruisers, twelve destroyers, twenty-five submarines.

Of your pre-war Air Force of 2,500 'planes, more than 1,100 have been sent crashing to the ground.

Great slices of the Italian Empire have been captured; the rest is steadily being rolled up.

I do not wonder that "the croaking bullfrog of the Pontine Marshes" no longer inflates his chest but merely groans a last appeal to his officers!

In your heart, you must realise that Fascism has already "died dishonourably."

For your land is virtually administered now by Germans, traditional enemies of your people.

That is why your Ministers have been sent to the battlefront. There is nothing left for them in Italy.

Even you are little more than a figurehead, so great is your dependence on Hitler.

I suspect you are already tired of being his office-boy, and I advise you to accept the hint you will find in the cartoon below.—JOHN BULL.

CAPTAIN DAVID MARGESSON, M.P., Secretary of State for War

DEAR SIR,—You are right in claiming that the Army is not now run by the Old School Tie Brigade.

No, it is domineered by financial fogies and money muddlers.

It has first-rate generals whose time is wasted by fifth-rate officials.

As Major Turton told you in the House of Commons, "you trust a Divisional Commander with the lives of 15,000 men, but not with a postal order."

Fighting officers must fill up endless forms to get even the smallest financial business transacted.

Rankers are bewildered and angered by a stupid pay system that lands them into mysterious debts or brings them equally unexpected credits.

Few troops know how much pay they can expect each week, so various are the deductions imposed on them.

There is endless delay in payment of their family allowances. Hardship, worry and debt are suffered by their dependants as a result.

It is not enough to know that our Army is admirably equipped and wellled. We must be assured that it is sensibly managed.

We shall not have that satisfaction until the financial branch of the War Office is completely remodelled.

Officers in the field must be freed from the bombardment of office forms and memoranda, all troops should be saved the annoyance of pay deductions and delays.—JOHN BULL.

Lt.-Gen. H. C. B. WEMYSS, Adjutant-General to the Forces

DEAR GENERAL,—I write more in anger than in sorrow.

Officers and men are the victims of outrageous profiteering in London restaurants.

An officer who lunched the other day in the West End showed me his bill. It read: Small glass of sherry, 1s. 9d.; herring, 2s. 6d.; coffee, 1s. Total, 5s. 3d. —without tips.

In another well-known restaurant the charge for "two sausages and mash" is 3s 6d. In yet another a portion of veal-and-ham pie costs 3s.

During the last war restaurants guilty of such extortion were placed out of bounds to all ranks. I urge you to take similar measures to-day.—JOHN BULL.

PRISON COMMISSIONERS, Home Office

GENTLEMEN,—Families of prison officers have had no cheese for weeks. They cannot understand why convicts get cheese every day—and more meat than workers in heavy industries.

Nor can I.—JOHN BULL.

The DIRECTOR, Public Relations, Air Ministry

DEAR SIR,—It's magnificent, stupendous, colossal!

The first sheet of your weekly News Letter is now printed on both sides "as a measure of economy in paper."

But why are pages 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 still printed on one side only?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BEVIN, M.P., Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—I think you'll get those 100,000 women volunteers. I know you have jobs waiting for them in war factories.

That is proof of our advance towards full mobilisation, a welcome step forward from the bad old days when Mr. Churchill appealed for a million women to "come forward at once," though no jobs existed for them.

But do not, I beg you, allow the rush of volunteers to deter you from conscripting the idle young women who divide their time between beauty treatment and cocktail parties.—JOHN BULL.

The CHAIRMAN, Canvey Island U.D.C.

DEAR SIR,—In return for their wage increase of 3s. a week, your office-boys should be given the job of prodding their superiors.

A resident whose house suffered bomb damage last December is still awaiting the arrival of a repair squad.

Does the official responsible spend his time snoozing or shrimping?—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. JENNIE ADAMSON, M.P., Dartford

DEAR MADAM,—If people who obey the Government's advice to Grow More Food are to be victimised by traders, then the Government must protect them.

You allege that greengrocers refuse to sell fruit to customers who grow their own vegetables.

Lord Woolton has power to close down any business guilty of improper trading. Persuade him to use it.—JOHN BULL.

L/Signalman A. PULLEN, London

DEAR SIR,—I don't blame the law for trying to deter people from wandering round with unexploded bombs.

Of course, it seems ungrateful to fine you £3, because, after digging out a woman from some ruins, you sawed through floor boards for twenty minutes to release a time-bomb and then took it away to waste land.

But as a flag officer and neighbours want to pay the fine, you can guess what the Navy and the public think of you.—JOHN BULL.

Doktor GOEBBELS, The Little Man with a Big Head

SIR,—Hope springs eternal even in your animal breast.

"Germany is morally bound to end the war this year," you tell neutrals.

That's what you said last year. By next year, maybe, your optimism will have begun to fade.—JOHN BULL.

Major-General H. WILLIAMS, Director-Gen. of Army Welfare

DEAR GENERAL,—It is good that waste and "fancy meals" in Army canteens are to be restricted. It is better that the canteens are to be made more comfortable and provided with writing and reading rooms.

The canteen, indeed, should be the soldier's club.

N.A.A.F.I.'s big profits should help quite a lot!—JOHN BULL.

The MEMBERS, York City Council

GENTLEMEN,—Why has Police Inspector Hawksby been let off so lightly?

He admitted thefts of food from a canteen. But he has not been prosecuted. Instead, he has been allowed to resign and thus draw a pension of £240 a year.

Alderman Dobbie, M.P., suggests that the affair should be reported to the Home Office. To do less would be unfair to your citizens.—JOHN BULL.

★ *Two men—cunning Japanese Foreign Minister Matsuoka and Major-General Fritz Todt, Nazi Defence Chief—are busy. "John Bull" contributors tell you what is behind these newest moves*

JAPS ARE WORRIED

By VIVIAN MEIK

HITLER has the red carpets down in Berlin for Matsuoka. Soon Nazi propaganda may be expected to blare forth that another great milestone in Axis history has been reached—a milestone which is to prove a millstone round the necks of the democracies.

But I can say that the meeting between the two men is one of desperation.

My own personal knowledge of Japan's Foreign Minister—an acquaintance spread over nearly twenty-two years—encourages me to believe that only extreme necessity could have brought it about in these times.

The real Matsuoka is still a man of mystery to the world. He has taken care it should be so.

I first met him when the Versailles peace parleys threatened to collapse.

Outside the diplomats' hall, mixing with a group of political subordinates, a little yellow man was smiling broadly at all and sundry.

Speaking in an exaggerated American accent, he declaimed: "I have just wagered my chief a hundred pounds, and my colleague here five pounds," he nodded at another Japanese whose arm was linked in his, "that Germany will send another delegation and will accept our terms.

"German arrogance invariably 'accepts the terms' if it is hit hard enough.'

* * *

The little yellow man was Yosuke Matsuoka, interpreter-secretary to Prince Saionji, the personal representative not only of Japan but of the Emperor himself. The colleague was Prince Konoye, to-day Prime Minister of Japan.

Since then Matsuoka has never relaxed his grip on the ladder on which his ambitious confidence placed his feet on that Versailles afternoon.

Though he has occasionally directed his main energies in open spaces outside the crooked lanes of international diplomacy, he has only done so when it has advanced his main purpose—the establishment of a new Asiatic order behind which he would be the power and the guiding star.

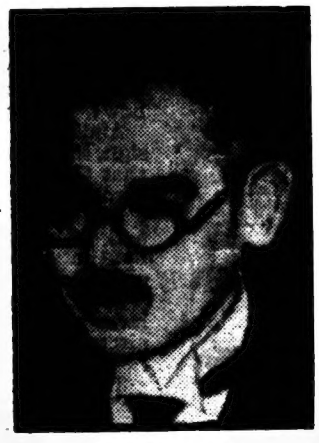
As a dream of world domination it was little, if any, different from Hitler's. Only their technique varies, because of the contrast between Eastern and Western methods.

Matsuoka's personal story, were it not for the sinister Machiavellian thread that is woven through it, might have been an epic to inspire the schoolboys of Nippon.

Born in 1880 of an aristocratic but impoverished family, he was brought up in hard circumstances.

At fourteen he worked his way to the U.S.A. where a relative got him a job as a servant in an American family.

His Samurai instincts, however, rebelled when he was ordered to chop wood and clean the kitchen grates. He ran away.



MATSUOKA
Enigmatic

A Tokio pastor in a Methodist mission next gave him a home, but when young Yosuke—before he was fifteen—challenged his benefactor to discussions both on politics and religion, a change of residence was clearly indicated.

Many years later, when I met Japan's future Foreign Minister again in Manchuria, he told me something of his youth.

What impressed me most was the debt he owed—but which he has apparently forgotten—to a Scotsman, William Dunbar, and his widowed sister, Mrs. Beveridge, who treated him as their own child, and gave him every chance to make good after he left the Methodist mission.

Matsuoka himself admitted how his "second mother," as he called Mrs. Beveridge, continually denied herself in order to allow him to go first to the High School and then through the Law School of the Oregon University, where in 1900, when he was only twenty, he won his LL.B.

Altogether Yosuke Matsuoka lived with Mrs. Beveridge for more than six years. She then helped him to return to Japan, where he passed into the Diplomatic Service, and was appointed Vice-Consul in Shanghai.

For fifteen years, he told me, he nursed his ambitions in secret, waiting for the big chance. He rose steadily—head of the Foreign section in Kwangtung, Mukden Consul-General, Secretary to the Washington Embassy, Secretary to the Foreign Minister in Tokio.

It was then he cultivated Prince Konoye, with whom he went to Versailles. He had seen the big chance.

Suddenly—such was his Machiavellian genius—he left diplomacy to become director of the South Manchurian Railway, which was Japan's spearhead in Asia.

Soon he controlled 6,000 miles of track, big ships and little ships, ports, coal mines, oil plants, steel works, blast furnaces, electric and gas companies, chemical factory, hotels, and public utilities.

Manchuria became Manchukuo. To all intents and purposes Manchukuo became Matsuoka.

The failure of Lytten Commission to do more than academically denounce Japan's agression in Manchuria in 1931—which first inspired Mussolini and Hitler to adopt this technique—finally gave Matsuoka what he cynically wisecracked was "the chance of a life-time," as he called the Japanese stretch out to China

* * *

From that time the new order of Asia has developed steadily. The white man must go. Matsuoka's dream gradually unfolded

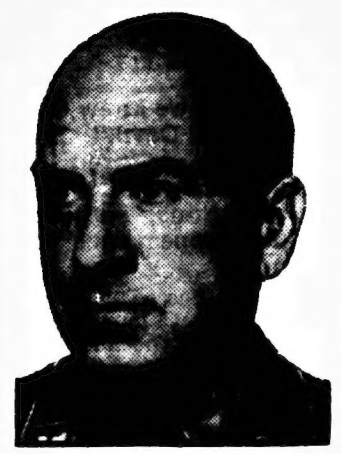
His intrigues became bolder. When France collapsed and England appeared lost, Japan, in the person of Mr. Matsuoka, thought her destiny had struck. He joined the Axis. He got ready to help deliver the *coup de grâce* on Britain in the East.

Later, if necessary, Japan could deal with Germany, when the hordes of Asia could be organised against the more warweary millions of Europe.

But it didn't work out that way. It was Italy who collapsed instead of Britain. Nor could Germany demolish us in the West. Instead, the greatest arsenal of democracy in history has decided to work night and day to give Britain the tools "to finish the job."

The power of Britain and America combined to reduce both Eastern and Western dreams of world domination into nightmares.

The serpent of the East and the hyena of the West make strange bed-fellows, even in adversity; that is why Hitler and Matsuoka are now meeting to find a way out of their troubles.



FRITZ TODT
Ruthless

Hitler Looks to His Defences

INTIMATE friend of Hitler, he is due for quick promotion.

That's grand news for us, because he is the Madman's chief defence expert.

It confirms other signs that the Nazis will soon be turning more urgently to men like Todt than to the blitz and aggression generals.

Dr. Fritz Todt—exact English translation of his name is "Death"—was a fanatic Nazi in 1922, before Hitler made his Munich beerhouse putsch. He is the same age as his Chief.

He won Hitler's friendship by guaranteeing that Germany would be made inviolable to land attack. His solution was the Siegfried Line.

Ruthless Driving

A vast labour corps was placed at his disposal to do the job.

Driving these men ruthlessly, forcing them to work twelve hours a day for poor wages, week in week out without a break, Todt certainly performed wonders. Hitler relied on the achievement when he attacked Holland, Belgium and France.

The man who did it is now one of the most powerful autocrats in Hitler's evil circle.

Barely a year ago he was made a major-general so that he could control all the Army engineers if necessary.

He can over-ride all decisions about military transport and construction work, and can commandeer any kind of material at any price—or without payment—from official and private sources. He was even allowed to pull down iron railings inside Hitler's Chancellery without a murmur.

Appointed Inspector of Roads when Hitler grasped power in 1933, Todt built a network of roads. They were one of the things in Nazi Germany that were admired, but they have turned out to be, as they were really intended, nothing but a part of the Nazi scheme of conquest.

The moment Poland was conquered Todt and his organisation were rushed there to build another Siegfried Line—this time against the "friendly" Russians!

Now the busy Todt is rushing up another wall.

It runs along the coastline of Belgium, Holland and France and faces—BRITAIN!

This can only mean that Hitler, behind all his arrogance, seriously fears an invasion, too.

This same Todt has also planned new defences on the Russo-Rumanian frontier.

He is known to be superintending the three lines of fortifications begun by Hungary on her Russian frontiers.

Germany is obviously throwing apprehensive eyes north, south and east—for all of her talk of a Nazified Europe "peaceful" under the iron heel of her Prussian conquerors.

And even more apprehensively she looks westward—towards Britain. Especially since the daring Norway raid.

Todt is the man Hitler has chosen to see that these raids do not develop into a large-scale offensive against Germany.

That is why so many honours have been showered on Todt. In the Nazi Debrett he is shown as holding a dozen offices, among them that of Cabinet Minister, Technical Leader of the Nazi Party, Chairman of the Nazi Technicians' Assocaition and the Nazi Club of Engineers and Upper Group Leader of the S.A. storm troops.

Hiding the Damage

To-day Todt is also Hitler's Rebuilding Chief, charged with the camouflage of air raid damage to hide the effects of British bombs from German eyes as much as possible.

He is Chief Inspector of Special Tasks in Goering's Four-Year Plan Organisation and Minister of Armaments and Munitions.

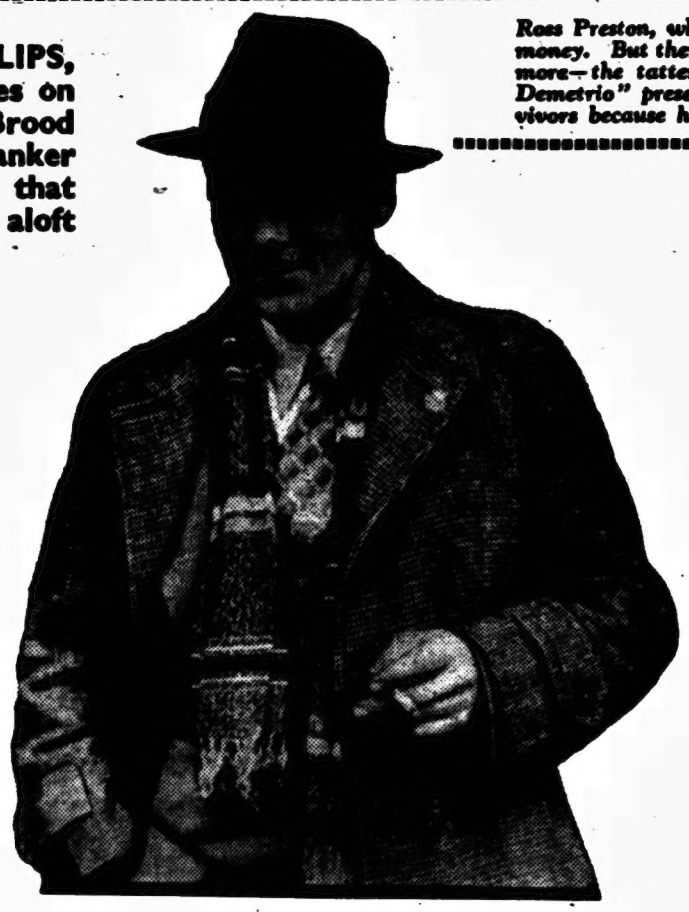
He would be none of these things if he were not, above all, a defence expert. He would not be half so prominent if a British offensive against Germany were not feared.

That is why I am glad about Hitler calling in Todt now. And, for once, I agree with Nazi plans.

Remembering the meaning of Todt's name I exclaim happily: "Todt for Hitler!"

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

★ COMMODORE G. PURSSEY PHILLIPS, in the second article of his new series on Britain's merchant navy, "Drake's Brood is Ready!" tells the story of the tanker *San Demetrio*. It is a yarn of the sea that will live as long as the Red Ensign flies aloft



Ross Preston, who received £1,000 of the prize money. But there was something he valued even more—the tattered Red Duster from the "San Demetrio" presented to him by the other survivors because he "did so much in the salvage"

YANK CHEATS SEA DEVIL

IN the last war we knew Count Felix von Luckner as "The Sea Devil." He had command of the *Seeadler*, a captured American sailing-ship, which the Germans fitted out with an auxiliary engine, some guns, sufficient pots of paint to change her appearance when advisable, and Norwegian flags.

It was the Sea Devil's custom to bring his "Norwegian" vessel alongside a British ship, and then force the crew into the boats and sink the ship.

He did millions of pounds' worth of damage before being wrecked on a Pacific islet.

The Sea Devil hates England.

Last June, General Brand said publicly in the Australian Senate that von Luckner had carried out an espionage visit to Australia just before the war—and got away with it.

Preparing the Ground

He went systematically over the Seven Seas from 1918 to 1939 in his yacht, preparing for his work as a commerce raider when war began again.

It is understood that the Sea Devil was in command of the German raider that caught the convoy of thirty-eight ships protected by the *Jervis Bay*.

Outgunned, outweighted, hammered from a range at which her guns were more or less ineffective, the *Jervis Bay* held her ground till she went down with colours flying and her Irish captain on her bridge.

When that epic of the sea was over, the thirty-eight ships of the convoy had scattered like hens from a dog-fight.

It is with one of them that we are concerned—the 10,000-ton tanker *San Demetrio*

She was carrying a full cargo of petrol. And she was the first ship in that convoy to be struck by the Sea Devil's opening broadside.

Immediately a great gout of smoke and flame poured out of her and roared funnel-high. As the men raced to the hoses, another shell caught her just abaft the bridge. Half the bridge vanished. The rest hung in splintered fragments. Flames leaped and crackled. It seemed only a matter of minutes before she blew up.

The boats were manned, while the *thud-thud-thud* of shellbursts from the German raider burst among the convoy and into its protector.

Sullenly cursing, the seamen pulled away.

And as they dropped astern the German gunners put another salvo into their ship

For about twenty hours the survivors pulled doggedly towards a steam-lane, where they hoped to be rescued. They were rationed on biscuits and water; their prospects were deadly grim.

The Wall Street Touch

Among the men in the lifeboat was pure-bred Yankee Ross Preston, an Able Seaman, but there was a touch of Wall Street in his blood.

"She wasn't burnin' all that bad, boys," he said suddenly, out of nothing. "What about going back and trying for salvage?"

Silence fell on the boat, minute among the heaving waters Every man's voice was still; there was only the automatic plash . . . plash of the oars.

"By God—I wonder whether we could do it!" muttered the Second Officer in charge of the lifeboat

His name was Hawkins

As if by one accord, the oarsmen stopped pulling.

They had made up their minds.

In that cockle-shell, tossing at the mercy of the vast Atlantic, sixteen castaways decided on a gamble with Death.

Even John Boyle, whose ribs had been smashed in during the night's storm, had decided.

The boat's head went round.

Gambling with Lives

Think of what was against them!

First, they had to find a derelict ship that had been wandering at the drive of the wind and waves.

She might be sunk; she might be charred to the water-line; if they found her and went aboard they would be throwing away every chance of being picked up, and gambling every life there on getting her to port, nearly 1,000 miles away, in her smashed, frightfully dangerous state.

The gale came at them at midnight, but they rode through it.

After two days and nights in their open boats, with empty stomachs, they boarded their ship.

She was blazing aft, and she was glowing white-hot and incandescent amidships.

Bridge, compass, steering and radio gear had been blown away.

As she rolled through the waves great jets of petrol spurted through shell-holes in the deck.

Had one of them caught fire in a spark from the burning stern she would have blown out her inside like a volcano.

She might explode at any moment.

Three times they brought the lifeboat alongside and tried to board; three times the huge vessel, staggering drunkenly without control, almost overwhelmed their little craft.

And then Preston and the rest somehow clambered up the hot metal side and got aboard her.

Skilled seamen as they were, they knew that the operation would almost certainly cost them their lifeboat, their last chance of escape if anything went wrong aboard.

Grinning, they took that risk as well.

That ship was worth £250,000, without her cargo, and they had 10,000 tons of petrol (it was valued at a further £60,000 later) in her.

Mr. Hawkins worked out a course and decided that they had something over 700 miles to cover.

They had no navigation instruments; all the charts were burned.

But they had the sun and the stars and they found a sixpenny school atlas aboard, and used that.

The sixteen men divided into watches.

Some tackled the fire that roared and crackled in the stern.

Others went below to start the engines.

When they had raised steam every man held his breath, for none knew how much damage the shelling and fires might have done.

But the great engines turned over quietly at last.

Spurting Petrol

And then, with a jury steering-gear, smashed upperworks, holed sides spurting petrol, a flaming and heavily smoking stern, and a second officer steering by the Pole Star, she began to move coherently once more.

They were still on biscuit and water—it was too dangerous to light the galley fire, with pools of petrol everywhere.

But cold vegetables and biscuit palled, and presently they contrived a fire in the vessel's main drain, and on that they cooked potatoes and boiled some onions.

Yes—these inspired madmen even found the elusive onion!

As the derelict *San Demetrio* staggered across the furious Atlantic, storming now at being robbed of its prey and trying with fury to sink her, Ross Preston (so it was said later) was worth two men in his dogged courage, his dry Yankee humour, his tireless will to work.

So was Mr. Hawkins, inspiring his men, joking with them, working shoulder to shoulder in any job with them.

So was Pollard, the Chief Engineer, who made those blistered engines work again.

Dying on His Feet

So was the one member of that gallant band who never won home.

John Boyle, greaser, his ribs smashed, giving him agony every moment, piercing nearer and nearer his heart, went below, when they got aboard, and for three days faithfully served his engines—until he fell dead at his post.

Just before the end, as he leaned against a stanchion, he gasped, "Get her back to port, boys—just to show 'em how!"

And when at last he collapsed with a sigh, the men on the *San Demetrio* swear that the roll of Drake's Drum muttered across the sea.

Day after day, steering by the sun, and night after stormy night, steering by the cloud-wracked Pole Star, they came nearer home.

In that crippled hulk they would never have stood a chance against a raiding aircraft, a submarine, a surface raider . . . even a heavy storm.

They had no certainty which way they were heading—except the certainty that the youthful Second Officer gave them with his jaunty seaman's bearing, his cheering laugh when things were at their worst, his quick word of praise.

Now and again, Ross Preston raised a laugh, talking about the salvage they would get when they fetched port.

Seven hundred miles without compass or chart—and she sighted the Irish coast at last.

They hung a white table-cloth over her battered side, and a watcher ashore saw it.

A Hulk Comes Home

In next to no time a destroyer was racing across the grey water.

And so she came at last to port—and, by God! you should have heard the cheering as that battered hulk came slowly in, with her old Red Duster still doggedly flying!

The matter came before the Prize Courts; the owners came forward and willingly paid every penny of the claims and costs.

The fifteen men and the representatives of the dead hero, John Boyle, divided £14,700 between them in salvage money, and the icy dignity of the court thawed as the judge said that their adventure made one of the greatest English stories of the sea.

Ross Preston received £1,000, but at the end they gave him something he valued more than money.

There was a whispering among the survivors, and then the Red Duster from the *San Demetrio* was presented to Ross Preston, "who did so much in the salvage."

The Yankee's hard face softened as he took the flag.

"Thanks, boys—thanks!" he muttered. "Wal, I guess that's grand of you, giving me this bit of bunting, and . . ."

Somehow he could not find any more words.

Next week—**"The Man Who was Too Old to Fight."**

The 6 o'Clock Train Gets Through

● Grumbling about the railways these days is fair game. You'll see the other side of the picture after spending a night in a Control Room with

VINCENT BROME

JUST nine o'clock.

I wonder vaguely whether . . . and at that moment the telephone rings.

A special call from the Post Office. Another air raid has started.

Far away above the Control Room the German bombers are dropping flares, searching for objectives, trying to find the railway lines.

Work goes on quietly down here. For nearly half an hour everything remains normal.

Then comes a call from a signalman in his cabin, three miles away. A bomb has fallen near by, partly wrecking his cabin and blowing a crater in the track.

From an extension I listen to his report.

It is a little disjointed, a little breathless, but although death has just missed him by inches, he sticks to bits of official phrasing. His report seems amazingly matter-of-fact.

A tall, grey-haired man makes rapid notes. Then he turns to report to the Chief, a stoutish man who looks as though nothing could stop him being jovial.

Watertight Scheme

The signalman has already held up traffic on the two lines affected, but everything must be made watertight to prevent accidents. The Chief gives instructions, and the wires begin to hum.

The grey-haired man is contacting "Engineering." They have diagrams of every section of line, every level crossing, every set of points. The appropriate diagram is pulled from its drawer and the precise nature of the damage assessed.

New lengths of line, blocks and material are ordered. Within an hour, men and materials are rushing through the raid to the damaged line.

All through the night the repair squads work away.

They don't stop even when some 'planes drone back and more bombs fall near by.

In the hush before dawn the improvised supports are finished. The six o'clock train passes over the crater safely.

Arrangements for more permanent repairs are made before the gang goes off in search of breakfast.

Down in the control-room the grey-haired man stifles a yawn and glances at the clock. Calls are still coming in from signal-boxes, stations, repair depots and engineers.

But the air raid is over and the one serious incident has been handled successfully. Not a bad night's work.

This Control Room, one of many throughout the country, looks like a super air raid shelter.

Instead of civilians, it protects a vast network of railway lines against confusion.

Bomb- and gas-proof, it is thirty feet below ground, but you would never think so, once you are inside. Air-conditioning keeps the atmosphere normal. No shaded lights, no black-out bothers.

Rows of desks run along both sides of the room, with small cabinets, telephones and a variety of emergency gear.

Strange Symbols

There are twelve men bent over the desks busy with strange symbols and signs.

They concentrate upon large frames rising at right angles to the desks. Each frame shows a section of railway line with every minute detail marked.

One controller gently removes a small peg and inserts it further down the chart. Somewhere out on the permanent way a local engine has reproduced that move.

The controller can tell you just where any train is at any given moment.

I stared bewildered at one brilliantly lit frame. The array of symbols seemed like a jig-saw. But the grey-haired man sitting before them, wearing headphones, slipped and adjusted pegs with easy unconcern.

He was connected by private wire to every signal-box, level-crossing and station on his particular section, and whatever happens outside, the control room continues to function.

Not all the control rooms in the country are underground.

Some operate from the London Tube system, for instance; others are surface centres, but all are elaborately protected, and there are special gas-masks which will enable the controllers to continue telephoning should there be a gas attack.

Screened Lights

Of course, it is not possible for all repairs to be started while a raid is in progress, because flares cannot be used, but it has been done with screened lights more often than you would imagine.

Another band of men work in collaboration with the control rooms—the railway "wardens," those intrepid men who grope their way along the track during raids to discover damage.

The railway "warden" is a new type of hero, with a different brand of courage.

Nothing of the heat of battle goes with his job. He is cool, abstract. But his work is full of the worst hazards.

There was the night when a series of incendiary bombs threatened to fire an ammunition truck.

Two wardens and a porter uncoupled the truck and pushed it through the rapidly spreading flames, out of danger. They went about the job quickly and quietly. There was no confusion.

Another warden rushed to a partly demolished signal-box and found the signalman with one leg trapped under debris.

Fire was spreading rapidly. The warden waded into the flames with a fire-extinguisher, sand and water. He fought the blaze with terrific energy, put it out in fifteen minutes and then released the signalman.

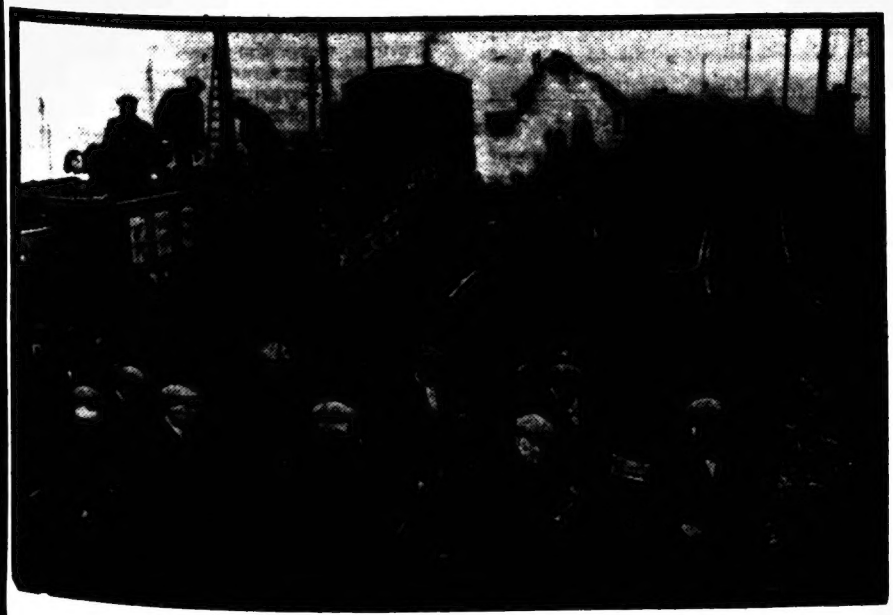
While they waited for the ambulance he 'phoned the control room, made his report, and then, under supervision from the signalman, kept the signals in correct order until a deputy arrived.

Ten days later he went to visit the signalman in hospital.

"Here," the patient said, "did you know there was a time-bomb near the box while you were working those signals?"

"I knew all right. . . . That's why I did everything double quick!"

The repair gang systematically tackling the job. While one gang fills in the crater, other men remove damaged sleepers and rails. Goods train has brought up necessary replacement material.



LAUGHING BEATS THE NAZIS

PEOPLE in occupied countries are hitting back with weapons that the Germans have never understood. With ridicule, humour, wit.

Laughter may not hinder the Nazi war machine—that is left to the factory saboteurs.

But it cheers up the oppressed people and harasses their conquerors.

For months the people of Copenhagen queued to see a mediocre play. Then a Danish Nazi tipped off the Gestapo, who found that the two main characters in the play were an aunt who lived in Tyrol Street, and an aunt from England Street.

When the unwanted Tyrol Street aunt overstayed her welcome, a character says: "We must invite Auntie from England Street to rid ourselves of Auntie from Tyrol Street.

* * *

Even local authorities often take a dig at the Nazi Gauleiters.

The Prague city fathers were ordered to discover and punish the makers of a violently anti-Nazi leaflet.

They plastered the city with thousands of huge posters; which reproduced the leaflet and merely added in small type:

"If you can give information about the origin of these, report to the German authorities."

A rich Nazi in Paris commissioned a dealer to buy four pictures. The dealer supplied four pleasant oil landscapes, which the Nazi prominently hung.

The repeated tittering of his guests was explained by the fact that the pictures represented a CHURCH on a HILL, the harbour at HALIFAX, the garden of EDEN, and a BEAVER at a BROOK.

A Norwegian bootmaker was given a contract for thousands of boots for the army of occupation. He expressed gratitude and showed his thanks by stamping the leather soles with a portrait of the Fuehrer.

The German commander was touched—until he realised that thousands of his men were daily stamping on the face of Adolf!

* * *

Paris billposters were told to display a poster showing a Nazi soldier bending down to talk to a little child. Very touching.

But the billposters arranged each sheet so that the rear of the German and the toe of a sparsely-dressed and high-kicking revue dancer came neatly into contact. It was weeks before the Nazis spotted the reason for hilarity in the streets.

Even in Germany. . . A much-bombed area was cordoned off with the notice: "Entry forbidden. New housing scheme." Next morning someone had added in chalk: "Contractor: Winston Churchill."

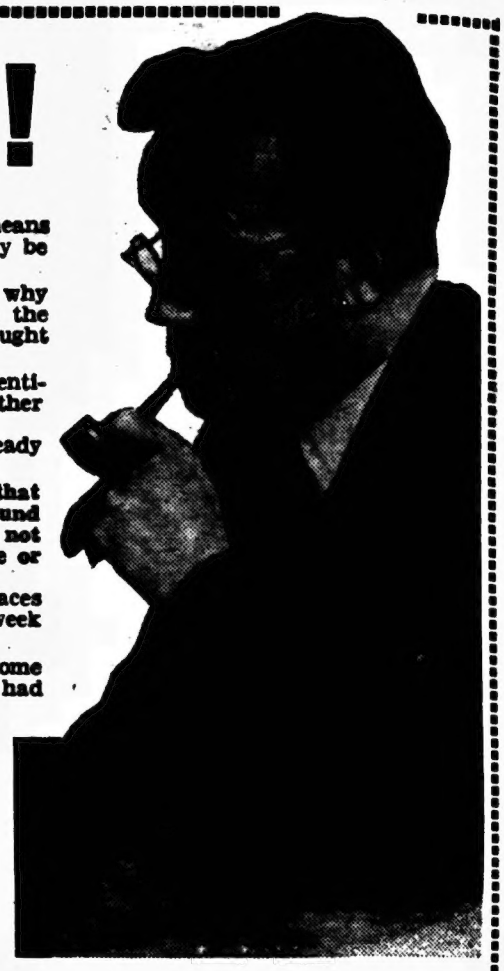
It all helps!

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you.

A stamped addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query, which should be written in ink. Write to-day to JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. We'll do the rest.

COME ON, HERBERT!

● ***The blitz lull is over, and two vital safeguards—shelters and fire-watching—still have dangerous gaps. It needs every ounce of Mr. Herbert Morrison's dynamic energy to put them right.***



PLENTY of wonderful schemes—but not enough speed in putting them into effect.

That's the big snag about shelters.

Far too many of the officials concerned still don't seem to realise that there is not a moment to spare. Their dilatoriness has been lulled by more luck this winter than they had any right to expect.

Meanwhile, the hard fact is that right now there are serious shelter deficiencies, and, what is even worse, there are still make-shifts authorised as shelters which ought to have been replaced as soon as the emergency of the September blitz slackened down.

The position is worse—far worse—in the provinces than in London, but even in London, fountain-head of Home Security, there are black spots for which there is no excuse.

Let me be fair and give full credit for much good work that has been done. Many improvements have been made, and everyone affected is grateful for them.

Frequent Flooding

But this does not alter the position that very much more ought to have been done and could have been done by now.

Dampness in many large and small shelters is widespread. In some there is frequent flooding, with as much as four feet depth of water.

Even now, after all this time, there are places where the seats are the rough crude affairs that were rushed up in the early days.

The lighting in a large number of shelters is dismal; in others the heating is preposterously inadequate.

With all too few exceptions, sanitary arrangements are shocking.

The health side is now in the hands of the Minister of Health, but it is Mr. Morrison's department that is responsible for the main problem of shelters, and it is to him that the public will look to put things right.

In tackling the job, he is allowing his officials to tinker far too much, instead of being ruthless and drastic, when it must be evident that shelters have been put in the wrong places.

Thousands of people, for instance, are still allowed to take refuge below

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' PAGE

buildings that stand out as targets. Some of these places have been hit and heavy, highly inflammable merchandise has crashed into them.

Most of such improvements as have been made are in London.

Elsewhere in the country the position generally is thoroughly unsatisfactory.

Lord Horder, whose investigating committee made such valuable recommendations in September, found some appalling conditions during a recent tour

In the Midlands he saw brick shelters that were falling down because they were put up so hurriedly with such poor material. The bricks, he said, were flaking, and a penknife could be pushed through both mortar and bricks.

Local excuse was that the shelters were built when it was difficult to obtain the best materials, because they were needed for building defences against invasion.

Now, when better materials are available, and have been for some time, the excuse is that labour cannot be obtained.

Local councils in most parts of the country have lagged lamentably in tackling shelters and many other things [see "Without Fear or Favour," page 5].

Mr. Morrison's department has been most successful where its own officials have been in charge or *real* pressure has been put on local authorities.

With many of these councils it seems to be no use asking them to do things or giving them statutory powers. Compulsion is obviously the only remedy, and Mr. Morrison should have realised this by now.

Adequate shelter provision will never be achieved until compulsion is applied, and the same goes for Mr. Brown, the new Minister of Health, if he is to put things right inside the shelters when they are the right kind in the right places.

Existing Evil

Mr. Brown could usefully give urgent attention to the existing evil of children being allowed to remain in stuffy shelters all round the clock.

Above all, he must look ahead.

The torrid days of summer will aggravate the dangers of bad ventilation.

They are dangers that cannot be stressed too heavily or too urgently.

Lack of heating in many shelters during the winter caused serious discomfort. But lack of fresh air in summer may well become a source of serious disease.

This problem is already urgent because adequate ventilation cannot be ensured merely by knocking away a few bricks.

In most underground shelters, the provision of a satisfactory air system means weeks of work. It should obviously be started now.

This is one of several reasons why privately owned shelters to which the public is admitted should be brought under public control.

Unless this is done, standards of ventilation, lighting, heating and other amenities cannot be enforced.

Moreover, lack of fresh air is already a matter for some disquiet.

Lord Horder's committee knows that there are children in some underground shelters in the provinces who had not been into the sun and air for three or four weeks.

They know, too, that in some places bedding was left from week to week and month to month.

In fact, one declared, he had come back with the conviction that he had seen an underground slum in the making—if, indeed, it did not already exist.

Mr. Morrison's department undoubtedly has an abundance of excellent schemes to redress all the mistakes that have been made so far.

But they must be harnessed to speed if they are to be of any use—and in time.

SPEED, Mr. Morrison, SPEED, SPEED, SPEED.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mrs. J. M. Golding, Ulster Avenue, Shoeburyness, is the recipient of this week's £1 1s. award. Information she sent me is most useful.

Once again I invite readers to write about any matter needing investigation or publicity. Envelopes should be addressed "Public Benefactor."

Muddle That Causes Many Dangerous Gaps

RESPONSE of volunteers for fire-watching in residential areas has never been in doubt. But is the Home Secretary really satisfied about business premises?

If reports reaching me are only partly right he has little cause to be.

There are still dangerous gaps—and it is two months since it was announced as a Cabinet decision that, if necessary, compulsion would be applied, so that never again would the Nazi fire-raisers be able to repeat the havoc they wrought in the City of London.

* * *

It is not all due to lack of volunteers.

There are dodgers, but the absence of cut-and-dried schemes in some places is the result, more than anything else, of official muddle, the bugbear of our war effort.

Long before now compulsion should have been applied to these A.R.P. controllers as well as the dodgers.

Mr. Morrison admitted in the House of Commons the other day that there were some areas in which it would be necessary to resort to compulsion, but that the names of the towns would not be published or broadcast until fire-watching teams were at full strength.

That was to avoid giving the Nazis clues to poorly protected towns.

Sensible, of course; but the Home Secretary seems to have overlooked the fact that, in many instances, this information has already been published.

After two months in which to make arrangements it should not be possible for the night-raiding Huns to find a square yard of unprotected property.

I'm not going to give them any clues, but Mr. Morrison must know, just as well as I do, that, in one big city, nearly 14,000 firms failed to submit fire-watching schemes. Even though severe punishment was threatened, the authorities have been treated with indifference.

After Mr. Morrison's rather too rosy statement in the House, a Home Office official told a reporter that most of the towns where compulsion would be necessary were in badly blitzed areas where there is damaged and empty property and where there has been large-scale evacuation.

The important city where there were 14,000 firms on the black list has not had one bomb!

I wonder, too, if Mr. Morrison knows that when incendiary bombs fell on a biggish building in one part of London recently there were no watchers on duty and the doors were locked.

The building was well alight before the firemen could force an entry.

Owners were the local council, who were using it as a furniture depository!

In streets covering little more than a mile in one closely built area a JOHN BULL man discovered that 300 firms had made no proper arrangements for protecting their premises

* * *

Then, even in residential districts where, generally speaking, volunteers are at full strength, they are growing tired of waiting for the pumps and helmets that have been promised.

Lethargy of local officials seems to be largely responsible for this, because it appears that those who do show energy manage to obtain full equipment quickly.

When Mr. Morrison became Minister of Supply in the anxious days after the collapse in France he electrified the country with his rousing "Go to It" slogan

The whole of the fire-watching organisation needs just such another jerk.

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HERE LIES THE NAZI

● An ex-official of the B.B.C. concludes his revelations of war-time radio by an exposure of Germany's lies on the air

GAIRMANY calling . . . Gairmany calling. . . ." This is now the familiar signature-tune of a dispirited little traitor. Since the B.B.C. started counter-attacking his propaganda he's definitely lost heart.

The feeble efforts of Joyce, the Berlin "Haw-Haw," and of Ferdonnet, his French equivalent, have done little to help the Nazis' war effort, but British radio propaganda is winning all the way.

In every Occupied part of Hitler's fast-crumbling Empire, the Truth, expounded by a large staff of B.B.C. announcers, is helping to strengthen the resistance to Nazi domination.

A vital war weapon, it is cheap, humane and safe.

Goebbels has found that radio propaganda can be a boomerang.

He had a good start on us.

"Haw-Haw" was on the air before the B.B.C.'s "European Department" found its feet.

No longer does Goebbels deride B.B.C. propaganda.

The German newspaper *Die Woche* warned its readers that "British lies were becoming more systematic, and that the standard of announcing has improved."

It Worries Goebbels

Goebbels regards our "European Department" as a menace.

He even brought pressure to bear on Belgrade radio officials to ban Winston Burdett, Belgrade representative of the United States Columbia network, because he broadcast the truth about riots in Northern Italy.

Among the most successful anti-Haw-Haw broadcasts was "Here Lies the Nazi," a programme organised by Col. Malcolm Christie, who knows how to tell the Nazis the truth.

When he was Air Attaché at the British Embassy in Berlin, even Goering's department could not stop him from discovering the truth about the *Luftwaffe*

Broadcast to Germany on several B.B.C. transmitters, Christie's forceful "Here Lies the Nazi" goes straight to the heart of the average German.

The Queen's brother, the Hon. David Bowes-Lyon, is another of Britain's anti-Haw-Haws. He made a special study of German psychology, and has become a most successful German broadcaster.

Factual British news is dispensed to the world in thirty languages by the B.B.C.

Three hundred men of thirty nationalities are busy day and night reading the scripts.

They include actors, lawyers, professors of all faculties of many European Universities, artists, Civil Servants, diplomats, soldiers, accountants, bank clerks, and a host of other professionals, including writers.

With few exceptions they work under a strict anonymity.

The B.B.C. has also sixty expert linguist listeners.

These men and women—they call them "monitors"—distributed in centres whose location is secret, are engaged ceaselessly, twenty-four hours a day and seven days a week, recording programmes sent out from every radio station of importance

No word in 150 foreign broadcasts of war news escapes them.

Messages are translated, dictated to shorthand typists, then passed to a staff of specially selected men, chosen for their knowledge of foreign affairs and political judgment, who sift them and make up 15,000-word summaries that are sent twice a day to twenty-five Government agencies.

Four experts read these daily bulletins, and psycho-analyse the mind of the Nazi!

Helps War Cabinet

Charts and graphs are kept, cross-checking with every Nazi and Italian broadcast.

It helps the War Cabinet to make plans.

John Salt, late of the Royal Engineers, fitted up a Telediphone system for the B.B.C.

On these machines 350 records are made every day of news broadcast from enemy and neutral stations.

Three-quarters of a million words are "bottled" on these records, and then selections are retyped for the Monitoring Service.

These machines are at work in a secret B.B.C. depot referred to as "Hogsnorton" (after the famous mythical village in the Gillie Potter broadcasts).

The B.B.C. does not broadcast only dull propaganda.

It doesn't make Haw-Haw's mistake. It gives variety programmes in more than a dozen different languages.

Catchy tunes and poems are broadcast to become passwords in Nazi-ridden countries.

Sir Noel Ashbridge designed the apparatus that switches off the giant 100-kilowatt broadcasters of the Home and Forces stations immediately the Fighter Command announces that B.B.C. transmissions might be a guide to enemy aircraft.

No Time Wasted

It is done in a split second.

The transmitters go off the air at once.

Artists in the studios don't know they've been switched off.

Generally they do not even know there is a raid.

Each show is usually carried on to the end, and a wax or "blattnerphone" recording of it is made for subsequent broadcasting.

Stille's system, which "bottles" sound waves by magnetism on a spool of steel tape, was brought to Britain by Louis Blattner. Hence the name.

This German invention has saved the B.B.C. at least £250,000 since the war began!

Clay, obtainable in any camp, and some old tin—and the soldier of to-day has the same sort of oven as served his great grandfather at Balaclava

Steak in Barrels

I SAW FOR MYSELF
By Maurice Fagence

I HAVE visited the kitchens of many famous military camps since this war broke out.

I have seen pale-faced civilian chefs and red-faced Army master-cooks bending over the same monster plum duff.

Commanding officers have lifted dust-bin lids for me with the words: "No loaves or sides of bacon concealed here."

Once, when a young officer by my side was assuring me that any of the thousand diners ranged before me could have a second helping for the asking, I distinctly saw a slow, sly wink from half-way down one of the tables.

I have tasted much that was excellent and little that was mediocre during these visits. But always there has been at the back of my mind the thought that all this organisation and efficiency matters little to the soldiers manning the thousands of gun sites and observation posts of the country.

They live in little communities of ten, twenty, fifty, out of reach of chefs, electric cookers, mincing machines and the like.

They probably represent—I don't know for sure—more than half the British Army at home.

What is done for them?

* * *

For answer, come with me to an Army school of cookery I have just visited.

It does not exist to train chefs or master cooks. In the words of its commanding officer, it exists to turn out, in six weeks, cooks capable of doing good rough cooking for fifty or so men.

It is turning them out at the rate of a thousand a year—men able to build an oven with no other materials than mud, to keep it alight with any sort of tinder, fresh-cut greenwood included, and to turn Army rations into really enjoyable he-man food without an atom of waste.

First, view the human material.

Most of the students go to the school as raw recruits. The less they know about cooking the better. There is less for them to unlearn.

I don't think the school would welcome those smug gentlemen who are always boasting that they can cook a ten times better dinner than their wives.

If students have volunteered to learn this rough cookery, so much the better.

If they have not, if they have been posted to the school in the ordinary way, they are given the opportunity of saying, after two days, whether they want to continue or not.

Those who say "No," are given a few more days to acclimatise. Then, if they still dislike cooking, they are taken off the job at once.

The last misfortune the commanding officer wants to inflict on any lonely unit is a dissatisfied cook.

"Seven men have come to me in the last month asking to have their course made more intense," said the C.O.

He is proud of the fact—a remarkable one, I think—that 65 per cent. of the students pass out as first-class cooks and that the percentage of failures is less than .03 per cent.

* * *

In what the school calls the "graveyard" I saw the men building their own ovens

Any of the men can improvise one out of a bend of old metal and a mound of clay.

I was introduced to one primitive job known as the Sawyer designed by one Sawyer, who was chef to our C.-in-C. in the Crimea.

The "Aldershot," another primitive looking but excellent oven, was invented in 1851—but still does duty all over the country.

A barrel was trundled into the "graveyard." Everybody's eyes lit up.

One of the best ovens, I found, is made by covering a barrel with a mountain of mud and then burning the barrel away.

"Every ditch contains an oven," is the motto of these men.

I saw them cooking steak and kidney pie from the best cuts of the meat supplied and making Hamburg steak of the cheaper cuts.

I can only say it looked excellent.

Waste? It is a thing unknown at the school. Every sardine left over had a use next day.

Fat is minced and minced again before being rendered down. That gives a bigger yield of dripping. And what little is left in the pan is sold to buy little luxuries for the men's mess.

* * *

The men are also taught to cook meals that are being sent out in hot jackets to the soldiers who are cleaning up the bombed areas.

We know how they had to scratch for food at one time.

Now they are not only getting hot food—but towels, hot water, soap and permanganate of potash as well, if they are doing dirty work.

Nine West End chefs teach the men—but they do not aim at making chefs of them.

Just good, plain cooks, is their objective.

THE WINNING

★ ABOUT £2,000 MILLIONS A YEAR ABOVE WHAT TAXES CAN PRODUCE ARE REQUIRED TO RUN THE WAR. HOW WILL THE CHANCELLOR RAISE THIS VAST SUM?

By A. G. GARDINER

WITHOUT attempting to forecast the contents of the Budget which Sir Kingsley Wood is about to present to Parliament, let us look at the problems of which the Budget is the key.

And as my text I will take the words of Mr. Paul Tierney, the editor of the *New York Post*, who has just returned to America from a visit to this country. He said:—

> *"I bring you good news. I went to Britain fearing that Germany was on the verge of winning the war. I have returned certain that Germany will never win. I am confident, moreover, that Germany will be defeated decisively."*

I take this text as a stimulant, not as an anodyne. It does not mean that we cannot lose, but it does mean that if we put forth all our power we cannot fail to win.

And for this reason. **THIS IS A WAR OF STAYING POWER.** It became that last September, when the R.A.F. won its historic victory over the Straits of Dover and countered the knock-out blow with which Hitler had calculated on winning the war out of hand.

From that moment the struggle became a war of endurance governed by economic resources.

We had gained the vital essential of time. Hitler had been allowed six years' start in which to mobilise his resources.

Now we had a breathing space in which to gather ours and to discover the heroic mettle of our own people.

To-day we face the foe in vastly different circumstances from those of last August. We have behind us the resounding triumphs in Africa. We have knocked out Mussolini and hold the Mediterranean unchallenged from Gibraltar to the Dardanelles and the Suez.

We have gallant allies barring the path to Asia Minor. Every week, every day, our economic strength gathers momentum.

And now at last the giant power of the West stands behind us committed to see us through to victory with all the unparalleled resources at its command.

THIS FACT IS DECISIVE. IT CONSTITUTES THE HEAVIEST BLOW THAT THE AXIS HAS SUSTAINED. FOR IT MEANS THAT IN A WAR OF ECONOMIC ENDURANCE, A WAR OF STAYING POWER, THE BALANCE IS OVERWHELMINGLY IN OUR FAVOUR.

That balance is not yet realised. But each hour brings it nearer realisation. Each hour the flood broadens and gathers speed.

We have but to stand firm as we have stood through this tremendous winter and the balance of power will pass irrevocably to our side.

By hook or by crook the Chancellor of the Exchequer must divert about 12s. out of every pound of our earnings from our private pockets to the war chest

And it is not only the material strength that is coming to us that counts. Nor is it only the moral strength, great as that is. For with the United States in full cry at our side all the forces of freedom throughout the world are now enlisted in the crusade against barbarism.

And the moral effect of this solidarity will fan the embers of liberty all round the globe.

But, beyond all this, there is for us an immediate and practical result of immense importance. The transition from Cash and Carry to Lease and Lend lifts a heavy anxiety from our minds.

Money may not win wars, but it is the measure of the things without which wars cannot be won. And, rich though we are, the strain on our resources might well have beggared us before the goal was reached.

THAT peril has now gone from our sky. Cash no longer enters into the calculation. We shall not be starved of the munitions of war because we may not have the money to pay for them "on the nail."

America is not only the "arsenal of democracy": it is the treasury of democracy.

This is as cheering a fact for us as it is ominous for Hitler. For in a war of staying power the mightiest arsenal and the most inexhaustible chest must win.

That is why I believe that in signing the Lease and Lend Bill President Roosevelt signed the death-warrant of Nazism.

But I repeat that this great happening must serve to us, not as an anodyne, but as a stimulant. Even with the relief of anxiety in regard to our expenditure in America, the strain on our resources is vast and growing.

We are spending roughly £4,000 millions a year against a total national income of less than £7,000 millions.

IN OTHER WORDS, THE WAR IS SWALLOWING UP MORE THAN HALF THE EARNINGS OF THE WHOLE NATION—RICH AND POOR, MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

The problem of the Chancellor of the Exchequer is to finance the war without resort to the expedient of inflation, the evil of which all the experts are agreed about.

By hook or by crook he must divert about 12s. out of every pound of our earnings from our private pockets to the war chest.

This can be done in two ways—by taxation and by borrowing.

IN the first war budget which Sir John Simon introduced a year ago, he imposed taxation which, with the subsequent Purchase Tax and Income Tax increases, is expected to realise something in the neighbourhood of £1,400 millions—that is, about a third of the present cost of the war.

SIR KINGSLEY WOOD, IN HIS COMING BUDGET, WILL CERTAINLY GIVE THE SCREW OF TAXATION ANOTHER TURN, BUT THERE IS A POINT AT WHICH TAXATION CEASES TO BE REMUNERATIVE.

Assuming—a large assumption—that revenue from this source can be screwed up to £2,000 millions, there would still remain a deficit of £2,000 millions to be provided if the war is to be financed and the grim spectre of inflation is to be kept at bay.

This can only be done by borrowings, voluntary or involuntary, from our current and accumulated resources.

So far we have relied entirely on voluntary methods, and it is to the credit of Sir John Simon that, in the matter of interest, we are fighting the war on a more economical basis than we fought the last.

Whether the gap of £2,000 millions can be filled up on the voluntary system or whether that system will need to be supplemented by some form of compulsory borrowing, such as that suggested by Mr. Keynes, should be disclosed by Sir Kingsley Wood in his Budget statement.

What is certain is that if we are to win this long-distance war by our superior staying power we must be prepared to suffer a still severer cut in our consumption expenditure than we have yet experienced.

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ACE

Every shilling we save from unnecessary expenditure and lend to the Government is a silver nail in the coffin of Hitler.

There is another aspect of this economic war to which I hope Sir Kingsley Wood will direct attention. I can only touch on it briefly. It is the question of waste.

War and waste are, of course, convertible terms, but there are forms of waste which are criminal and threaten our staying power.

No one can read the reports of the Select Committee on National Expenditure without being shocked at the revelations they make of the squandermania prevalent in the Army and in practically all Departments.

Nor can anyone be familiar with any aspect of local or national life without experience of the waste of material, of labour, of life, and of all the elements of economic warfare.

It is not enough for Sir Kingsley Wood to tax us and compel us to save.

It is equally his duty to take stern measures that will prevent our taxes and our savings being wasted. Only so will our superior staying power win the war.

SWAFFER LIFTS THE LID

WHAT WAS HITLER'S SECRET WEAPON?

● We were threatened with some extraordinary and mysterious mechanical device that, in an hour or so, would force us to surrender.

"London will be wiped out in 24 hours," declared William Joyce, now known popularly as "Lord Haw-Haw," but always called by me "the Traitor of Zeesen," at an Anglo-German meeting a few months before the war.

Nothing of the kind happened. London braved the air menace, defied it, and let it beat in vain against its own strong heart.

Even the parachutists were not a secret, for years before I had seen, at the Russian Embassy, a film taken at the war manœuvres near Kieff. This showed how 'planes could drop not only single soldiers behind the lines, but small tanks.

This idea was pooh-pooed by Army experts present. "Interesting but not practical," they said.

The only secret weapon—and even this was foretold in *Mein Kampf*, and experimented with in Austria and then Czecho-Slovakia—was the breaking down of a nation's will by a devilish combination of diplomatic cunning, threat of force, and treachery.

Every German "tourist" who arrived in a country nearly ripe for conquest was a secret weapon. Every member of the Fifth Column and every Quisling was a secret weapon.

Even months after the war started we had no idea that Hitler had, waiting for his invasion, thousands of traitorous nationals in every country that he planned to seize.

Fortunately, we in Britain got the warning in time.

Hundreds of Nazi sympathisers were detained. But, in a War Office panic, there were also the ruthless and cruel internments of thousands of anti-Nazi zealots who had fled here as refugees.

After a time, the examination of all these aliens began. It is not yet complete.

The stupidity of it was that many known to be our friends were interned. The crime was that by far the largest proportion were poor and friendless. While they were hounded into camps and even prisons, rich people who were suspect of pro-Nazi sympathies remained at large.

WHY SO LITTLE WAR ART?

● The London County Council has put on view a collection of pictures painted, during the Blitz, of fires and fire-workers.

The Ministry of Information has engaged artists to record incidents of the war. The Royal Academy will contain this year some paintings so topical that they will have to pass the Censor!

The Poet Laureate is at last completing a book on the evacuation of Dunkirk. A former seaman himself, and possessing a vivid power of describing life on the waves, he should make a magnificent job of it.

But there is little else.

"Why don't you write a novel or a series of short stories on the war?" I asked Lady Eleanor Smith, the other night. She is one of the best of our popular writers.

"I want to get my mind off it," she said. "Here"—and she pointed to an exercise book she was carrying with her, for fear it was bombed if she left it at home—"is my new book. It is about life in the Regency period."

That explains the minds of most creative artists. They seek, after months of war strain, any form of intellectual escape.

They don't mind braving bombs—but they prefer to write about bluebells.

SHOULD JOY-RIDING BE STOPPED?

● We are told there is a great shortage of petrol. The supply will become even less as the shipping problem becomes more acute.

Yet people who have obtained it by filling up forms declaring it is necessary for their businesses are to be seen driving about the country in places where there is no business that concerns them.

Hundreds of people still use their motor-cars to go to cinemas, and to drive to expensive restaurants. They use them also for shopping.

I cannot understand where they get the petrol from. Do people sell it, one to another? Do they lie on the forms they fill up?

Now and then you hear someone boasting of being able to "wangle" all the petrol he wants. How is it possible?

People should remember that everything that comes from overseas is brought here in ships, of which we are very short, to docks where the landing space is becoming more congested every week, and there are railway lines that are, in these days, only too few.

MUST WE ALL TOE THE LINE?

● Two extraordinary happenings prove the extent to which "discipline" is being used against the independent opinion of M.P.s. The Premier actually made the question of whether Malcolm MacDonald could sit for Ross and Cromarty, while he was in Ottawa, permanently a matter of confidence in him!

So after opposing him in debate, M.P.s quietly gave in—as though such a trivial thing could help or impede the progress of the war. I have every confidence in the Premier, but no faith in the idea that M.P.s should hold their seats when they cannot do the job for which they were elected.

Then those Labour M.P.s who opposed the Government on the Means Test were actually told by Clement Attlee, their leader in the War Cabinet, that there must be no further disobedience, and that Socialist Ministers, who were allowed to join the Government "without conditions," no longer need discuss Labour policy with their followers.

Now this sort of thing, if carried any farther means, of course, the complete destruction of the Parliamentary system, as I understand it.

And the extraordinary thing is that many of the rebels, both against Churchill over MacDonald and Attlee over the Means Test, are among the keenest of war-winners!

ARGUE IT OUT — BY PALLAS

New Lives for Old

ONCE again we are offered new lamps for old!

A modern Aladdin has announced to the world the magic virtues of sodium thiocyanate which may increase man's life span to 185 years.

The magician is Dr. William Marias Malisoff, Professor of Biochemistry at Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute.

"On the basis of what we have done with rabbits using the chemical," he says, "we have come to the conclusion that if we can do the same thing for man he can live a healthy and normal life until the age of 185."

When the Being, Force, Mind, Divinity or Omnipotence first fashioned this far from perfect cosmos—or should it to-day be chaos?—the allotted span of life for man was, supposedly, fixed at three score years and ten.

* * *

It seemed as though a wise Providence had so determined the span of life because, after seventy years in this paradoxical world of happiness and misery, hunger and plenty, poverty and wealth, man would be tired of his mortal existence.

All of us, I suppose, have felt that unutterable weariness when life has seemed harsh and futile, when the salt has lost its savour, and the future stretches dark and forbidding

Disenchantment takes from us cherished illusions, material worries weigh us down. Life demands—and takes—the price of living and, to many, gives little in return.

* * *

Yet the older we get the more tenaciously we cling to life. Few men and women approaching the allotted span are ready to depart.

Childlike, they fear the darkness. It is the lot of man to be beset by fear, and only the rare, serene soul faces with calm the unknown.

Have you ever stood in a busy street and noticed what men and women carry gas masks? Of the men, apart from those in uniform, most are over fifty.

Elderly women, leaving their homes for an hour's shopping, take their masks with them.

Life, despite the burden of war, is sweet to them. To scoff at them because they carry their masks would be stupid. I merely cite the fact to further my argument.

In recent years elderly people have spent many thousands of pounds on trying to keep young. Biologists and gland experts have boosted various treatments for the prolongation of life.

Rich men, famous men, have been so treated. They hope to snatch a few more years in which to enjoy their wealth or to stay in the limelight.

Perhaps in the end they will feel that they have been cheated; perhaps when the final disillusionment comes they will realise how futile it was to stave off the inevitable.

For that is the way of life. Whether man lives to be 20, 70 or 185. There is no escape from the final conqueror. With a sublime impartiality the Reaper takes all to his bosom—coward and hero, saint and sinner, rich and poor, noble and commoner.

* * *

The only virtue of living to be 185—how and why the worthy professor fixed on this figure is not explained—would be the dubious privilege of many more years in which to dwell on the end.

New lives for old! One hundred and eighty-five years of anguish and hope, of worry and contentment, of love and hatred, of suffering and happiness!

A great vista, one that brings a mental muddle of dismay and exhilaration, and makes your humble contributor feel that by the time he was 185 he would have learned to pacify tax collectors, dodge dunning tailors, and grow successfully some of the rarer vegetables.

After all, we live and learn—or don't we?

New Amazing Sea Plant, Rich in Minerals & FOOD Iodine, quickly builds up WEAK, RUNDOWN people!

Here is a natural food tonic which re-nourishes your system with a daily ration of vital Mineral Salts and Vitamins.

Your body must have an adequate daily supply of the life-giving Mineral Salts . . . must have Food Iodine and Vitamin B. Vikelp gives you all these precious elements so vital to health — so vital to life itself.

There is a tremendous concentrated food value in Vikelp Brand Tablets, too. For instance, a week's supply gives you as much Calcium as 20 lbs. of Lettuce — as much Phosphorus as in 18 eggs — as much Iron as in 126 lbs. of tomatoes — as much Vitamin B as in 486 lbs. of Spinach.

There are 9 of the 12 essential minerals in Vikelp, and as all these precious Minerals and Vitamins get into your system they gradually re-nourish it. You begin to build up. Nerves steady. Tiredness turns into energy. You have found the way back to new health and strength.

IMPORTANT! The Purchase Tax means you pay a little more for VIKELP. It helps in the National effort. But we have tried to help YOU by giving you 10% MORE tablets.

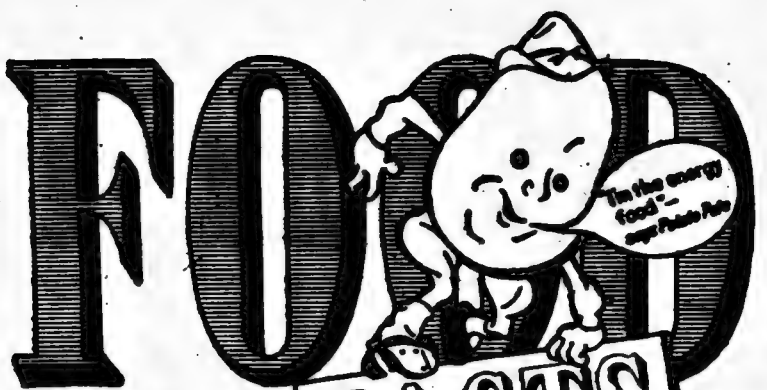
FREE. Send this coupon to-day for free booklet crammed full with vital information "How to Gain New Health, Energy and Strength." Write to Health Products Laboratories, Ltd., Dept. J.B.18, 122 124, Baker St., London, W.1. (You need only 1d. stamp.)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

FOOD FACTS

Number 32



HUNDREDS of women have asked us for these recipes — so here they are.

Carrot and Seville Orange Marmalade

This recipe has been tested by the Research Station at Long Ashton. It yields about 5½ lbs. of marmalade.

Wash 1¼ lbs. Seville oranges and squeeze out the juice. Collect all the pips into a muslin bag. Cut up the peel fairly coarsely and place it, with the juice and bag of pips, in a basin. Cover with 2 pints of water and leave overnight. Next morning, simmer gently until the peel is quite tender and the weight of pulp is 2¼ lbs. Remove the pips.

Cook 2 lbs. carrots (weighed after scraping) in a pint of water, in a covered saucepan until tender, and then mash well or rub through a wire sieve.

Add the carrot pulp and the water to the orange, bring to the boil, add 2 lbs. sugar and boil rapidly until of a fairly thick consistency (25 to 30 mins).

As this marmalade contains little sugar it will not keep longer than a week or so, unless hermetically sealed. This may be done either by using fruit bottling jars or making an airtight seal to the jam jars with a synthetic skin which is now on the market. In either case the covered jars should be immersed while hot in a pan of hot water brought to the boil, and boiled for 5 mins. The marmalade will then keep for months.

Campden Bottled Fruits

If you are using any of the fruit you bottled last summer with Campden solution or tablets, please read this carefully.

On opening the bottle you will find that the fruit has lost most of its colour and there is a slight smell of sulphur. Both fruit and liquid should be poured into an *open* pan and heated until the smell of sulphur has completely disappeared (about 15 mins). Fruit and liquid are then ready to be used as you wish. Don't put the fruit straight into a pie and expect the sulphur to be driven off in the oven, as the pastry lid might prevent the sulphur from escaping.

If you are using the fruit for jam make quite sure that all the sulphur has been expelled before adding the sugar.

Parsnip Croquettes.

Mash 1 lb. cooked parsnips with a fork until creamy. Make a thick sauce by melting 1 oz. margarine in a saucepan, mixing in smoothly 1 oz. flour, cooking together for a minute or two and then adding one small teacupful of water or vegetable stock in which one teaspoonful of vegetable extract has been dissolved. Add 2 teaspoonfuls breadcrumbs and cook for 5 mins. Add this sauce to the parsnips, and salt and pepper to taste. When cold, divide into 10 or 12 parts and form into croquettes. Roll in browned crumbs or toasted oatmeal. Fry in a very little fat until golden brown on both sides; or form into a large roll, cover well with crumbs and bake in moderate oven for 20 to 30 mins. Serve hot with gravy, or cold with salad.

It's a little thing but...

by steaming your vegetables rather than boiling them, you keep nearly all their goodness. If you have to boil them, use next to no water, and save that water for gravy or soup.

Turn on your wireless at 8.15 every morning for useful tips and recipes.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

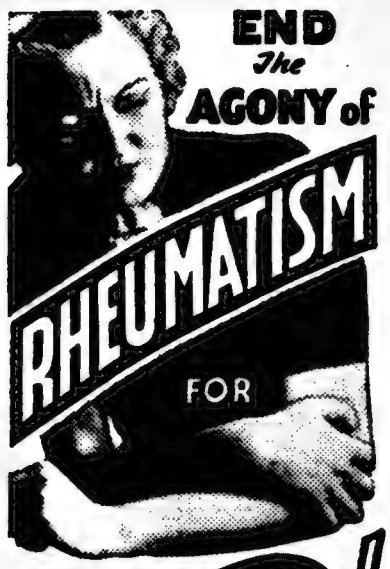
'Your money's worth'

That's what I like about "Digger." You get your money's worth. I'm a pretty heavy smoker, but can't afford too many 'fills' a day; and that's where "Digger" scores . . . . it lasts wonderfully... But don't think that's all; its flavour and freshness are A.1.

PLAYER'S DIGGER TOBACCOS

FLAKE - SMAG MIXTURE - PLUG HONEYDEW

1/3½D PER OZ P.P.8.5A



END The AGONY of RHEUMATISM FOR 2½D.

Conditions this year are fostering Rheumatic complaints, but you need not be racked by this trouble. If damp conditions have brought on an attack of Rheumatic agony, don't suffer it—stop it? *Beechams Powders* **ACT MORE QUICKLY** and **MORE CERTAINLY** because of their special powder form. They end the fierce twinges of pain, the knife-like thrust of agony or the niggling ache so thoroughly that people say they **ACT LIKE MAGIC.**

Also 'FLU, COLDS, CHILLS LUMBAGO, HEADACHE

Cartons of 6 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2½d. each (Including Purchase Tax) A Beecham Product.

BEECHAMS POWDERS ACT LIKE MAGIC

VARNENE protects and beautifies floors

A lovely finish is easily obtained with Varnene Oil Varnish Stain. Gives such a hard-wearing high gloss.

Of Ironmongers, Oilmen, Grocers and General Stores. In Dark Oak, Walnut, Mahogany, Light Oak and Ebony.

VARNENE THE FINER OIL VARNISH STAIN

NO STONE UNTURNED

"JOHN BULL'S" TEN-MINUTE STORY

BY WILL SCOTT

He then pulled the blotting paper out of one of its leather corners. "Now, that's funny!" he said

IT is likely to keep on being a mystery, at any rate until the war is over. What Mr. Smith's name was, and what he had done, are things that may never come out.

He is safely tucked away under Regulation Something, and no doubt he will soon be forgotten.

But there's more limelight on Joey's bit, because Joey *brags*.

Not that anybody blames him really; it's all he's ever found in about fifty years to brag about. Joey being the waiter at the Crown—when there's any waiting to be done.

At other times a kind of odd man.

If you happened to be the only guest at the Crown (and many times it had been like that since the war started) you found Joey attached to you as a kind of manservant.

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may. A tip just for waiting didn't amount to much. So that Joey had to look out for himself and till every inch of the ground.

Because of this, to some people Joey was a bit of a nuisance.

To Mr. Smith he was a god-send.

If Mr. Smith (who had to walk a lot for his health's sake) wanted any information about any place within ten miles of the Crown, Joey would immediately stop what he was doing (which often enough was nothing) and place himself at Mr. Smith's disposal.

He would fetch and carry for Mr. Smith, go to the post (though that was only once), or anything.

So that Joey reckoned he'd be on a good thing when Mr. Smith departed.

Mr. Smith departed on the Thursday in Sam Bradd's taxi, having first been assured twice by Joey that you couldn't get to Tapper's Cross by train.

"Taxi it will have to be then," said Mr. Smith. "If you could get me a taxi."

"Pleasure, sir," responded Joey, and 'phoned Sam Bradd.

"*And* give me a hand with my cases."

"Leave them all to me, sir. I'll get them down," said Joey.

Mr. Smith nodded.

"You've looked after me very well," he said.

"Nice of you, sir," murmured Joey.

"I'm leaving you ten shillings."

"Thank you very much, sir."

(Ten shillings! Not so bad! If they *all* did that; if it *averaged* ten bob a time. . . Yes, life would be worth living then.)

"I think I can hear the taxi, sir," said Joey.

"Right."

Mr. Smith gave a last glance round the room, smiled and went out. Joey picked up the luggage and followed.

The luggage was taken over by Sam Bradd, Mr. Smith climbed in, the taxi rolled down the street. And that was the end of that.

"Ten bob!" Joey thought again, standing there on the pavement and watching the taxi bob out of sight over the humpback of the bridge. "No, not so very bad, that. Money for old jars!"

And then he got a shock. Ten bob—where? With a damp brow he retreated to the big step of the Crown and began to go through his pockets. And *then* he remembered. Upstairs on the desk, o' course. His hands had been full at the time. Luggage or something. He hadn't picked it up at the time.

"Gave myself a start!" he said, letting a smile come back to his face.

And upstairs he went, back to No. 6, which had been Mr. Smith's room.

Yes, there it was, on the blotter, where Mr. Smith had put it down.

"Ah!" said Joey.

He picked it up, touching the blotter, stopped and stared, tucked the note away in his pocket and ran his fingers over the blotter again. He then pulled the blotting paper out of one of its leather corners.

"Now, that's funny!" he said.

And he sat down to think.

TWO sheets of thick blotting—two new clean streets—he had put in that blotter on the very afternoon of Mr. Smith's arrival, and now there was only one! A whole sheet of new thick blotting *gone*!

"Must have written a lot of letters," thought Joey. "But even then, why didn't he leave it for *me* to throw away?"

And, of course, Mr. Smith hadn't written a lot of letters. At any rate, Joey had only posted one for him.

He pulled the letter-rack forward and looked at that. These things he always checked before a new guest came in. One of the many inches of ground he tilled. . . .

Yes. Twenty-four sheets of notepaper there had been; twelve envelopes. Three sheets of notepaper had gone and one envelope. There you were! One letter.

And a whole double sheet of new thick blotting gone!

"Funny affair!" said Joey, aloud.

Supposing Mr. Smith had spilled the inkwell on the blotter and had had to throw it away? But then it would have gone through and he'd have had to throw it all away, you'd think, wouldn't you?

He had a look at the inkwell.

Full. . .

So it wasn't that.

And Mr. Smith wouldn't be likely to pinch it. He wasn't that sort of man. Plenty of money. Could *buy* all the blotting paper he wanted.

"Proper peculiar!" said Joey.

He turned on the chair and looked round the room, though what for he didn't know. He saw the fireplace.

He got up and dropped on his knees in front of the grate.

The fire was out. There was a cold mass of ashes and fag ends and match sticks in the grate. And something white, not very big.

Carefully Joey poked about and got the little white thing out. A small triangle it was and looked like blotting paper. Joey began to be excited.

"*Feels* like blotting paper!" he whispered.

Of course you can't *really* tell by the feel.

He took it to the desk and dipped one corner only very carefully in the inkwell. The ink ran up the little triangle and touched his finger.

Blotting paper!

"Well!" exclaimed Joey. And sat down again.

Well, there was no argument about it: Mr. Smith, before leaving the Crown, where he had written one letter only, had destroyed the blotting paper on his desk.

"What *next*?" thought Joey.

He hadn't read everything Edgar Wallace ever wrote for nothing. And he'd been to the pictures more than once. His eyes were now *open*, he told himself.

All kinds of things began to come back to him. Mr. Smith's endless questions, which had seemed nothing at all at the time. How many miles to So-and-so, and was the road good? How many miles to somewhere else? Was that ruined tower on the hill in private land or could you get in?

"Proper *nosy*," Joey reflected. "And all about the country around, too. Yes . . ."

That one letter. He screwed up his right eye and stared through his left at the ceiling. That one letter he'd posted. Some brass screw firm in the City—at least that's what it had said on the envelope. What was the address, now?

Yes! He'd got it! Bit of luck that, being able to remember. He wrote the address on a piece of paper and put it away in his pocket.

Bit of luck, too, Alice marrying as she had. Police-constable Simms, stationed now at Tapper's Cross. Proper bit of luck.

"Proper do!" said Joey.

And downstairs he went and, the manager being out, used the telephone in the dusky box in the lounge without wasting time by asking permission.

BROTHER-IN-LAW Simms, police-constable, Tapper's Cross, was in. Joey put it to him.

"May be nothing in it, of course," he said. "But putting two and two together——"

"Coming here now?" said Brother-in-law Simms.

"In Sam Bradd's taxi," Joey answered.

"Ah! Well, they'll have to pass here. I'll pick 'em up. If he parks at any hotel it'll be easy. I'll see what's to be found out."

"And you'll let me know?"

"I'll let you know."

"Good boy! Give my love to Alice."

It was a couple of days, though, before Brother-in-law Simms could let Joey know anything, and then it wasn't much. It was so *secret*.

But there was one thing: whoever Mr. Smith was he wasn't Mr. Smith. And after Brother-in-law Simms, by quiet and crafty means, had got hold of his fingerprints, and made his report and passed on the address of the brass screw firm in the City—after all this and one or two other things, Mr. Smith's goose was cooked, and they pulled him in under Regulation Something and put him away for the duration and probably longer.

The police even came to the Crown and went all over it and patted Joey on the back. Which was the start of Joey's limelight.

But the police never *said* anything. It's as much a mystery now as it was on the day when Joey stirred it all up. Even to Joey himself. He's a star turn because of it, but what the play's about he doesn't know.

It's a mystery to Mr. Smith, too. Careless people you can understand. They ask for it, and they get it, and they deserve it. But he had been so thorough. He had left no stone unturned.

What had made them suspect him of *anything*?

They all make *one* mistake, according to the sixpenny crime novels. But he *hadn't*.

He'd gone over everything. He'd spent a whole hour going over doors, desk, pen and whatnot, wiping out all traces of his fingerprints, after which he had worn gloves. And—a thing so many of them overlooked—he'd been careful to destroy the blotting paper.

And yet here he was in a cell.

It was a mystery.

COLDS & 'FLU

are quickly banished by Cephos

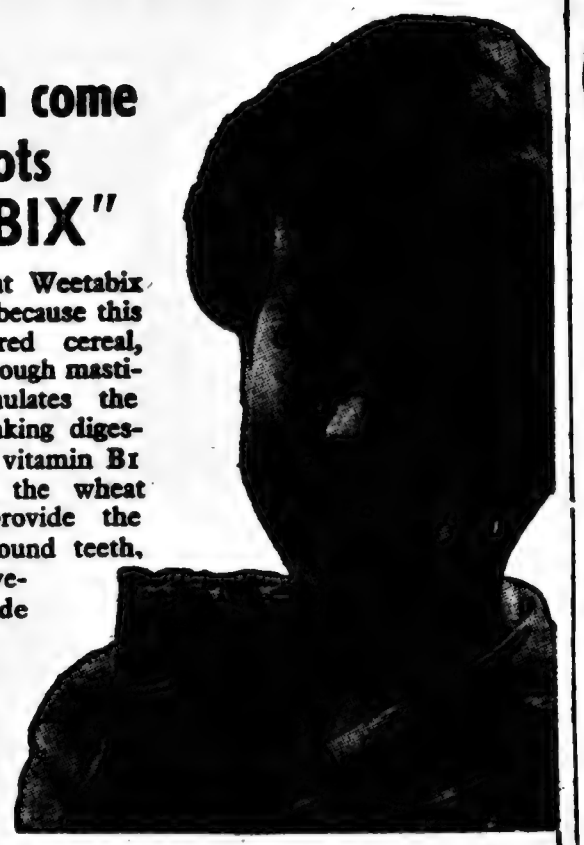
THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

Sold everywhere in tablet or powder form at 1/5 and 3/5. SINGLE DOSE (Prices include Purchase Tax).

2½D

"Dad says:

My fine teeth come from eating lots of WEETABIX"



Boys and girls who eat Weetabix develop fine, firm teeth because this delicious, nutty-flavoured cereal, eaten dry, compels thorough mastication. It also stimulates the salivary juices, thus making digestion easy. Further the vitamin B1 and mineral salts of the wheat berry in Weetabix provide the elements needed for sound teeth, bone, brain and nerve-building. British made by British Workers.

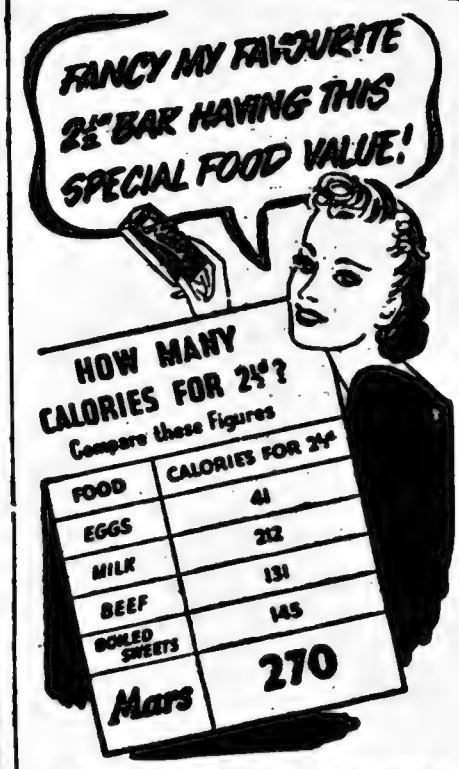
WEETABIX LTD., WEETABIX MILLS, BURTON LATIMER, NORTHANTS.

Weetabix

Of all Grocers & Stores

Standard Size 7½

Double Size 1/1



Think of a Mars Bar. Imagine that smooth chocolate, that tasty malted milk, that delicious caramel centre in your mouth. *Irresistible*, isn't it? It's specially rich in calories—those invaluable energy-builders. Mars is a meal in itself—and what a lot you get for 2½d.

Mars 2½d

TO THE HOUSEWIVES OF BRITAIN

PLEASE FINISH TRAVELLING BY 4 O'CLOCK

..and leave the buses, trams and trains free for war workers

Issued by the Ministry of Transport and the Ministry of Labour and National Service

"I'm glad there's a Boots here"

They have moved out here to be near her husband's war work, and now they're deciding which shops they will go to. The question of medicinal requirements is easily settled, for there is a Boots close at hand, 'just like the one at home'. In every branch of Boots (and there are over twelve hundred throughout the kingdom) the same scrupulous standard of drug purity is observed, and the same accurate dispensing is ensured by the supervision of one of the qualified chemists. Are *you* taking advantage of the comprehensive service provided by Boots, chemists to the nation?

you can rely on The Boots Chemists

B19/72

BOOTS PURE DRUG COMPANY LTD

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/5 and 3/5.

EMERGENCY TREATMENT OF SKIN INJURIES

SAFETY FIRST use

Be prepared for an emergency and keep Cuticura Brand Ointment in your First Aid Kit. It brings instant soothing relief to cuts, burns, skin lacerations—prevents spread of infection, quickly heals. Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.

294

Cuticura OINTMENT

This is Your feature—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published. The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

PEOPLE are so occupied with war work that few have noticed that private medical service is likely to be abolished.

Inability to choose one's own doctor savours much of the dictatorship against which the nation is fighting.

Surely the public is entitled to a voice before being herded into State clinics?

Sympathetic interest of the family doctor will be unknown.—M. James, Hambrough Road, Southall, Middlesex.

It is a suggestion only as yet—but a suggestion with which we would agree. Reader James suggests that sympathetic interest can only be got by the patient who pays a doctor privately. JOHN BULL doesn't agree that the best sympathy (or the best treatment for that matter) should go to the sufferers with the longest purse. There is no suggestion that people will be deprived of the right to choose a doctor.

Houses Camouflaged

Surely the time has come for dwelling-houses to be camouflaged.

Roads, too, should be sprayed with some sort of colour.

The project could be placed under a Government department and executed by the local council.—Thomas Renshaw, Abbey Street, Higher Openshaw, Manchester 11.

There isn't enough paint in the world, for one thing.

Thousand Trades

We in Birmingham have always known our city to be "the city of a thousand trades," but now labour is getting scarce, and firms are advertising for men, we are beginning to learn from the small ads. the names of these occupations.

I see a 'material urger" is wanted: a "horizontal miller," who, I presume, grinds corn lying down; a "quad striker," which might mean a bad-tempered nurse; a "getter down"; and a "roll turner for necking and roughing."

Truly it takes many sorts to make a world.—J. Harper, Green Lane, Birmingham.

Raid Shelter Plans

It has been suggested that air-raid shelters should be a permanent feature of homes built in the future. A monstrously wicked suggestion!

To have shelters is to hold expectation of further savagery between nations. —A. E. Powell, Hulton Lane, Bolton.

So is keeping an Air Force—but see what happened when we neglected that precaution. Most local authorities are building their shelters to last a minimum of ten years.

Filling the Moneybags

Surely these War Weapons Weeks retard rather than assist our efforts towards victory?

The town I live in has advertised one for six weeks hence.

Result: Deposits in Trustee Savings Banks, Defence Bonds and War Loan Certificates get lower.

People who could help the Government *to-day* wait for six weeks in the hope that their town might be enabled to beat its neighbour.

Is it good patriotism?—R. L., Devon.

It is the result of the whole that matters, and we are officially informed that "on the whole these special weeks help the Exchequer enormously."

Facts for Grousers

Those who grumble at retailers might study these facts.

For the manufacture of beef sausages the meat costs 10d. a lb.

It is mixed with a preparation of threshed wheat costing 6d. a lb. and put into skins costing 5s. for fifty yards.

It then has to be sold at the controlled price of 7d. a lb.—Cyril Bath, Bayswater Street, Morris Green, Bolton, Lancs.

For Your Bonnet

Keep bees this year. It is work of national importance.

What's more, I don't think 105 lb. of beautiful honey and £10 profit from two hives is at all bad.

But it is the nutritious, sweet delicious food yielded for the family that is most important.

No winter work, as with other livestock. No feeding. Just work in sunshine and warmth, amid flowers, colour and light. —M. Broome, Orchards, Wonersh, Surrey.

A Different Army

What has happened to the R.A.M.C.?

As an old "poultice wallah" of 1915-1919 I look in vain for the familiar red crosses on the sleeves of our troops.

Does it mean that there are no non-combatants in the Army nowadays.—C. Dolding, Rosebery Avenue, Gloucester.

Merely one of many changes. Lanyards (intended to fire cannon that had jammed) are now worn by troops who have nothing to do with guns. Royal Horse Artillerymen have lost their egg-shaped buttons, and their extra penny a day, said to have been granted for buying extra cleaning material.

Smile of a Hero

Mr. Southwick, of the Manchester City Police, has been in plaster of paris for six months with severe back and arm injuries.

When our street was the centre of a blitz on a recent night, Mr. Southwick (bored with being on the sick list, I suppose) hobbled into the bombed streets.

When my house was the centre of an inferno of bombs, he carried me to shelter, then rushed about the streets dealing with incendiaries.

Then a land-mine burst, taking away my roof and the roof of a Mrs. Parvin.

Although all but knocked out by flying lumps, he rushed her to safety.

He devoted all his night to saving people (one high-explosive dropped a few feet away from him). Without his aid, we would all have been killed.

Then, stiff with the plaster of paris that encased him, he went back to his sick list.

I gather he is a very reserved man. I understand he hasn't revealed a word of this at headquarters. When people of the district try to thank him, he just smiles.—Mrs. Kidd (address withheld for obvious reasons).

Ready for Fires

It is said that we needn't bother about droughts as long as we conserve the water given lavishly to us in the rainy season.

Well the rainy season is with us now.

Soon the summer droughts will be coming along.

There may be fire blitzes to deal with. Are the authorities looking ahead?—Mrs. W. Walker, Buxton Road, Chadesden, Derby.

They Need Sweets

All this clamour about children having sweets is wrong. There's no "must" about it in war time.

Sugar is certainly necessary for children but it is much more wholesome and beneficial given in food.

Children were much more healthy and contented when they were taught to look on sweets as occasional luxuries instead of, as now, daily rights.—Ex-Teacher Mother, Milward Gardens, Guestling, Hastings.

What About the Others!

One reads of ships' captains getting decorations at Buckingham Palace for "continuous and distinguished service in dangerous waters."

In days of sail one could give the credit for control to the skipper.

But who, to-day, can separate the risks run by the skipper (or the efficiency or ability displayed, or anything else) from those of the Chief Engineer?

It is the "Deck Department" that gets all the medals. "Below deck"—engineers, firemen, etc.—must be content with a few words of praise.—Josephine Taylor Retired Chief's Wife, Avondale Road, Hoylake.

The Simple Remedy

Specialisation would seem to be the simple remedy of our many agricultural troubles.

Let each farmer devote himself exclusively to the production of *one* commodity—milk, grain, roots, meat.

There'd be smaller overheads, less overlapping, need for less machinery, an economy of transport, a more adequate utilisation of acreage.

And farmers would welcome it. —William Corah, Drybrook, Coalville, Leicester.

Oh, no, they wouldn't. Who would welcome bankruptcy—for that's what it would spell? A farmer who followed a root crop with a root crop (or a grain crop with a grain crop) and so *ad infinitum* would soon be in the workhouse. Human beings can go on doing one task year after year, but the good earth refuses.

Mr. Bevin's Talent-Spotters

UNEMPLOYMENT committees are looking for a new job.

They want to find still more workers for Britain's war effort.

Already they have recruited a small industrial army by softening the "hard core" of unemployment.

If work cannot be found for the people on the exchange registers, these committees want to know why.

* * *

But at the outbreak of war, when a million men walked the streets in unwanted idleness, the Chamberlain Government closed down these work-finders in the sacred name of False Economy.

It has been left to the Churchill team to realise that we need all our manpower to win the war.

And so the unemployment committees, their own unemployment ended, started overtime.

Each has a chairman appointed by the Minister of Labour, an equal number of workers' and employers' representatives.

Other members are drawn from the local council and such organisations as the British Legion.

The secretary is the manager of the area's biggest employment exchange. Having to face the committee is calculated to keep him watchful for hardship or inefficiency by which the workless might suffer!

Directly Mr. Bevin strode into the Ministry of Labour, he ordered the committees to set up interviewing panels.

They were told to investigate the case of every man who had "signed on" for the previous four weeks.

They have saved thousands from the hopeless misery of tramping the streets, and have placed them in work that will help drive a nail in Naxidom's coffin.

Soon, no doubt, they will be dealing with the moneyed drones who have never done a day's work in their pampered lives.

Sooner the better, they say.

* * *

Already their experience may result in permanent improvements to the nation's social services.

Among the suggestions they have made is that a new department should be set up in the Ministry of Health to maintain the aged warriors wearied by a lifetime's struggles on the industrial battlefield.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2s. 6d. is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

BIRMINGHAM MAIL:—"Tobruk is ringed by twenty-five miles of powerful DANCES."

DERBY EVENING TELEGRAPH:—"Miss ——— left a large part of her FUTURE to the Royal Institution."

SUNDAY GRAPHIC:—"Though the CREEDS were less numerous, the welcome was just as sincere."

WHARFEDALE AND AIREDALE OBSERVER:—"Made many journeys through the FLOOR with loads of people."

DAILY MIRROR:—"It is an example of POISONOUS driving."

WOLVERHAMPTON EXPRESS AND STAR:—"He denied that any goods or money he advanced her or her husband—suggested as having been only a few POUNDS—was for services rendered and work done."

HERTFORDSHIRE AND BEDFORDSHIRE EXPRESS:—"It is not within the powers of the camp commanders to alter the NATIONS in any way."

WEEKLY TELEGRAPH:—"He died in the manger and the police found £3,000 under the straw, saved from his WARNINGS as a 'human horse.'"

GAZETTE AND HERALD:—"The sun coaxed me to unfasten Rupert's halter, lead him gently from his stall, dodging the MANGLE, and take him for an airing."

No more flying off the handle!

—since taking PHOSFERINE says this teacher—

Monmouthshire.

"I am a teacher by profession and find PHOSFERINE very useful in combating the 'end of term' feeling and relieving nerve strain. It soothes frayed nerves and prevents one 'flying off the handle' over trifles. Some time ago I avoided a nervous breakdown with the help of PHOSFERINE."

Yours faithfully,
(Miss) R.E.W.

10 DROPS WILL BUCK YOU UP. PHOSFERINE restores strength, energy, vitality—gives you good health to meet the strain of these days.

Ask your Chemist for a bottle, now.

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THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS
TABLETS or LIQUID, 1/5, 3/5, 5/8.
(Including Purchase Tax).

Two Tablets equal ten drops of Liquid. The 3/5 size is nearly four times the 1/5 size; you save 2/-.

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BEES LTD., 178L, Hill Street, Liverpool.

COULD NOT SLEEP FOR THE PAIN OF PILES

"Dear Sirs,—For the past fortnight life has been a misery. I had no sleep and could not sit down because of the intense pain and bleeding. I was dreading an operation. After using four *GERMOLOIDS* I got relief. I feel a different woman now and can walk with ease."

(*Mrs. G. W., Leicester.*)

It's true! Even the worst case of piles is soothed and healed by *Germoloids*, which contain the same medication as the world-famous Germolene Brand Ointment. Acting as you sleep, *Germoloids* heal the lacerated tissue, stop itching and smarting, bring down the swelling and protect the nerves. Constipation goes too. Begin to END YOUR PAIN and misery TO-NIGHT. Get a box of these simple, clean EFFECTIVE suppositories. JB

GERMOLOIDS Brand are obtainable from all chemists 1/5 per box. *(Incl. Purchase Tax.)*

What's your recipe for SLEEP?

NAT GOODWIN, the American comedian, once wrote:

"I get up early in the morning and take a brisk cold shower. After an energetic go at horseback riding I come back and take another cold shower. Then comes eighteen holes of golf. In the evening I eat a light dinner and then read a light and engaging book. After a warm bath I go to bed—and not a wink can I sleep all night!"

Most of the traditional recipes for sleep are like the advice given for slimming: the cure is worse than the complaint, demands a re-organization of one's whole life, and on top of that, as Nat Goodwin found, produces no result!

THE famous experiments conducted by Dr. Glenville Giddings provided scientific evidence that two of the most popular beliefs about sleep are false. After studying the sleep of 28 children for 364 nights (their every movement was electrically recorded) Dr. Giddings stated that the following conclusions, among others, could be drawn:

"The giving of baths, either warm or cold, on retiring, seems to have no effect, either in the production of, or in the interference with sleep in normal children."

"The drinking of a beverage containing 3/5ths of a grain of caffeine" (the substance in coffee that is supposed to keep one awake) "produces no more restlessness than was seen after the drinking of an equal amount of orange juice."

Dr. Giddings' experiments *confirmed* one of the other popular beliefs, namely, that one should not take a heavy meal at bedtime:

"The taking of a large amount of food at the evening meal, even though the food might be considered plain food, resulted in marked restlessness. In many cases the restlessness continued throughout the night," he wrote.

ANOTHER famous research scientist, Mr. H. M. Johnson of the Mellon Institute, has studied the effects of *noise* on sleep. In his own words, he "accumulated a mass of negative evidence."

He found, for example, that "the time of the night when the patient stirs the least is *not* the time at which street noises are at a minimum." Also deaf people as a class do *not* rest more quietly than normal people. Even stronger evidence to prove that noise has little influence on sleep is provided by the people who manage to sleep through the "Blitz."

Actually, inability to get to sleep is not a common complaint. Far more widespread is the inability to sleep *deeply* and *reposefully*. Lady Oxford and Asquith, writing of the time when she lived at 10 Downing Street, has described the agony of mind this can produce:

"There was a period during which I suffered from 'nerves' and nervous exhaustion. No one ever suffered more than I did! I was so strung-up that I used to gnaw my knuckles till they bled."

In despair, she called in her doctor. "He demonstrated to me," she writes, "that what I needed was to improve the *quality* of my sleep." Having learnt to do that, Lady Oxford was able to write 14 or 16 hours a day.

IT is the good *quality* of their sleep that explains the endurance of most great men and women. Statesmen and generals in particular have been famously good sleepers. (Pitt, Lloyd George, Cæsar, Napoleon, Wellington, to name only a few.) This is, of course, not a *result* of their burdensome occupations but a reflection of the fact that only first-rate sleepers "get to the top." Indeed it may be stated as an aphorism that first-grade people are almost invariably 1st Group sleepers.

The people in the 2nd Sleep Group are those who sleep shallowly, fail to get proper recuperation during sleep and, as a result, suffer as Lady Oxford did from inexplicable "nerves" and tiredness. The 3rd Group, not a large one, comprises the people who suffer (usually only temporarily) from actual insomnia.

People in the 2nd and 3rd Sleep Groups almost invariably find that they become 1st Group sleepers if they form a habit of taking Horlicks last thing at night. It's not an expensive pleasure. *Prices are as before the war*, from two shillings. After a delicious cup of hot Horlicks, they find that they go to sleep easily and sleep *well*.

It is very easy to know when you have slept well. You have a sense of being healed and renewed in body and mind. If you have been a stranger of late to that pleasant feeling, start taking Horlicks for a while and observe the effect. You will not find a better recipe for sleep.

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★ *is better than*
★ *no wringer*

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★ The makers deeply regret the enforced shortage of Acme Wringers due to war-time restrictions. Many regular Dealers are at present without supplies but, when conditions allow, immediate steps will be taken to replace used-up stocks.

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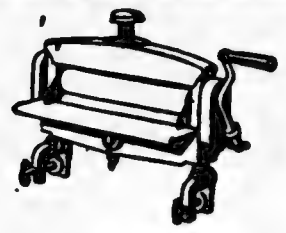

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Simple Recipe to End Catarrh

Can easily be made up at home.

Don't let that catarrhal infection get a hold, try this simple medicine—the recipe is easy to make and very economical. Get from any chemist 1-oz. bottle of Parmint (Double-Strength), empty the Parmint Essences into half-pint bottle, fill the bottle with warm water, sweetened with a little sugar, honey or syrup, and shake until dissolved. There is nothing to equal this Parmint syrup recipe for smashing the worst attack of catarrhal cold. From the first dose you feel relief, it clears the stopped-up passages of the nose and throat, ends head noises and dullness, soothes and relieves the soreness of the chest. Dosage: one tablespoonful 4 times a day. Cut out this paragraph to remind you to get some Parmint (Double Strength) so that you can try this recipe at once. JB

DON'T FOOL KIDDIES

★ *HUMANIST, with his usual frankness, deals this week with three problems that are too often shunned*

IT is never necessary to lie to children. If parents do not know the answer to a question, it is best to admit ignorance instead of posing to be omniscient.

Sham wisdom is bound to be found out.

If the question is "awkward" it is better to say "I will tell you when you are older" instead of taking refuge behind familiar stories about storks and gooseberry bushes.

When children discover that they have been deceived, the effect is doubly disastrous.

They lose faith.

They get the idea that birth is something to be regarded as shameful or improper.

"When I was expecting another baby," writes a mother, "my eleven-year-old son overheard some remark of mine to his daddy, and afterwards questioned me about the subject.

"My own knowledge of life had come in a particularly unpleasant way, and I determined that I would not allow this to happen to my children if I could help it.

"I took the opportunity of enlightening my boy about the facts of birth. He was most interested and most considerate for my welfare—eager to help me in any way he could.

"If I was going shopping, he used to stop playing with other lads and carry my basket.

"This boy and his brother are now in Canada.

"They are most fortunate in their foster-parents.

"The elder boy is good-looking and is a favourite wherever he goes, but I am rather worried because he is associating with lads older than himself.

"His letters are now full of talk about girls. (He is only thirteen.) I was amused at first, but I have seen a letter which he sent to a friend at home, and it is full of girls, girls, girls.

"I am rather afraid for him.

"The influence of older boys may be harmful. It is so hard for me to judge since he is so far away.

"I have told him that if anything troubles him he can write to me about it, or, better still, that he should discuss it with his foster-father."

The mother is behaving sensibly. At least she is not shirking her responsibility. But it is probable that she is over-anxious.

Usual Occurrence

Boys of thirteen often become "girl-mad," although that usually happens a year or two later.

The good foster-parents will take care of him.

I have recommended a couple of inexpensive books that will explain to the lad the things that his mother did not tell him two years ago.

As for the influence of older boys, that may be good or bad. It depends upon the boys themselves.

The majority of lads indulge in hero-worship in the teens, but they outlive it just as girls outlive their enthusiasm for their teachers.

I took the opportunity of enlightening my boy. He was most interested and most considerate

It is always a trying period, but a mother who is three or four thousand miles away can do no good by brooding.

Came as a Shock

Another mother writes about a different problem.

"I have been happily married for nineteen years," she says, "and never for one day have I regretted it.

"I am the mother of nine strong, healthy children and am now expecting my tenth. I am only thirty-eight.

"The only thorn in my flesh comes, not from my husband or my family, but from strangers.

"I was waiting for the 'bus recently and watched a young woman with three children pulling at her coat.

"A man and woman stood just in front of me. The man turned to the woman and said, 'It's a pity some of them haven't a better job than having all these kids bawling about for the Government to keep all the time.'

"Can you realise how I felt when I heard this? I always thought that motherhood was an honourable and a full-time job.

"My children are healthy, intelligent, and strong.

"Every one of them has my daily love and care, no matter how many there are.

"But when I heard that man's remark my heart stood still. I felt like a marble statue. I never thought to hear women condemned for having a happy brood of children.

"Do other people think as this man did? If so, I shall feel guilty of some great shame, although I am blessed with a good man's love and a family of thriving youngsters."

The writer wants to be assured that she has not done wrong in having this big family. She always felt that she was doing something worth while, but this chance criticism is haunting her.

Motherhood has always been respected and revered.

We are apt to be over-sentimental about it.

The wife who has healthy youngsters is contributing to the well-being of the nation. She is fulfilling her purpose in nature's scheme of things.

Gone Out of Fashion

But the large family has gone out of fashion in recent years, partly because the young wife wants to be free to enjoy herself, partly because it is more difficult to find the money to rear a family.

Young couples living in modern flats feel that a family is out of the question until they can have a house of their own.

The pressure of economic circumstances has reduced the size of the average family to-day.

Still, I always feel sorry for childless couples and also for an only child.

The falling birth-rate is a source of anxiety to the Government. Something may be done by means of family allowances to assist those people who would like more children but feel that they cannot afford them.

Unfortunate Past

Another letter concerns a young soldier with an unfortunate past. His mother died when he was a baby, his father left him when he was seventeen, and he got into bad company.

"I should say," remarks the writer of the letter, "that he is of good breeding but he became mixed up with Society crooks.

"He was caught and went to prison for three years.

"He is now in the Army, where he is well liked and there is a good job waiting for him at the end of the war.

"He is quite determined to go straight in future.

"But the present problem is about his girl friend. Ought he to tell her the truth about his past and run the risk of losing her? Should he say nothing?

"He has paid dearly for his sins and wants to forget them. He cannot make up his mind what is the right thing to do."

If the man keeps silent there is always the fear of the secret leaking out.

The girl would feel that she ought to have been told at the beginning.

It is quite possible that she would respect him for his frankness and would help him in his endeavours to "go straight," but if she is the sort of girl who would never forgive, it would be best to tell her and make the break at once.

To postpone such a revelation until after marriage might be a calamity.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★ SKIN-SAVERS ★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

THERE'S still a few people about who are out to save their own skins, who try to evade and wriggle out of each scheme that the country begins, who try to hatch up excuses as to why they should play no part, but they know, and we know, it's just rottenness of heart.

THERE'S still a few people about who play for safety first, who try to sneak Life's best place and leave to the next man the worst, who pretend there's no need for helpers when their help they are asked to enrol, but they know, and we know, the cravenness of their soul.

THERE'S still a few people about who try to live just the same as if there wasn't a War on, but they'll be the first to claim a place in the New World we're building on foundations of Active Belief, but they know, and we know, they're playing the part of Life's Thief.

THERE'S still a few people about who scoff at the folk who make them feel uncomfortable under their skins when they refuse to take the load which their shoulders should bear, for they think they can slip through unseen, but they know, and we know, they are second-rate and mean.

THERE'S still a few people about whose sole aim is money and ease, but these people are going to get a shock which will bring them to their knees, for in the New World of Peace which lies not so far ahead we will ALL HAVE TO WORK, AND SHARE, LIFE'S MATERIAL AND SPIRITUAL BREAD.

J. M.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

Through the shock of losing her husband in a recent air raid, Mrs. Langley, of Dalston, is prostrate with grief. In the last war her late husband served with distinction, being awarded the Military Medal.

Mrs. Langley is now left with two children, and a weekly rent of 24s. to find. Her lad of fifteen is in work and does his best to help keep the home going.

As her husband was not insured, the widow is handicapped by funeral expenses.

At the moment she is not strong enough to look for work. A little help in her hour of need will do much to enable this bereaved but courageous woman to carry on.

Donations earmarked "Bereaved" or for our General Fund should be addressed to the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses.

We are grateful to those who send to us anonymously.

Guineas for Readers

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbagful of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, mentioning your name)

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BUST ... ... 8 ins.
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Grateful Lady says:—"*SILF reduced my weight from 12st. 9lb. 8st. 7lb. My measurements were:—Bust 42 in., Hips 42 in., and Waist 34 in. Now my measurements are:—Bust 34 in., Hips 36 in., and Waist 25 in., so you can see the marvellous difference.*" Thousands of women have found the SAFE way to slimness and renewed health through SILF Brand Obesity Tablets. So can YOU! As the fat vanishes from your limbs and body so you will find a new interest and pleasure in life.

Silf Brand Obesity Tablets are obtainable from all Chemists at 1/5, 3/4½ and 5/7½ Per Box (including Purchase Tax) or post free by sending the price to:—THE SILF CO. LTD., (Dept. 66E), 39, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.1. (*These prices do not apply to Eire.*) *No proprietary rights claimed in the preparation of this remedy.*

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THIS STOPS IRRITATION CLEARS SKIN LIKE MAGIC

"*I tried D.D.D. Prescription for a bad case of eczema, the result being that the patient has not one blemish on her skin.*"—*Nurse J. P. (Darlington).*

Hundreds of nurses recommend D.D.D. Brand Prescription for skin troubles because they have proved time and time again its quick and certain healing powers. This wonderful antiseptic liquid is so easy and clean to use. Just a few drops on the bad place and the ugly inflamed skin starts to heal perfectly. D.D.D. Prescription is invaluable for all skin troubles, eczema, dermatitis, bad legs, boils, spots or pimples. Sold by Chemists everywhere 1/5d. a bottle.

D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION

FRY'S COCOA as a food

IV

AS A NIGHTCAP

Fry's Cocoa is an ideal nightcap, for its high food value sends every member of the family off to bed feeling warm and 'satisfied', while its easy digestibility ensures sound and refreshing sleep. Fry's Cocoa is so rich in nerve-strengthening substances that a cup at night gently soothes away the frets and worries of the day. Children love the fine chocolate flavour of Fry's and they need no persuading to take their favourite bedtime drink.

Fry's Cocoa makes every meal go further—an important consideration in these days of rationing. It is also one of the few foods that have come down in price since the war, thus bringing within reach of countless families a most valuable addition to their diet.

FRY'S
The cocoa with the real chocolate flavour

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You may sometimes find it difficult to buy your favourite polish. That is because the demand is far greater than we can supply and we have been compelled to ration our customers.

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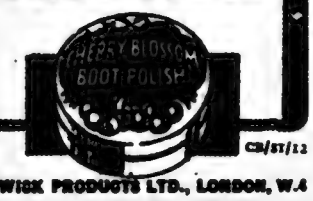

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WHY do I suffer distressing FLATULENCE, HEARTBURN, PALPITATION & SICKNESS?

Because your stomach is producing TOO MUCH ACID which causes your food to ferment and gives rise to nasty distressing gases.

WHY do I get that wicked griping PAIN after even the lightest meals.

Because the excess acid is eating into the stomach lining . . . . inflaming it, leading on to ulceration! Now let us ask YOU two questions!

WHY do you continue to suffer these stomach tortures?

Because you have not yet tried MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder. This famous remedy will neutralise the acid . . . . protect the stomach lining . . . . end your misery!

WHY don't you accept the following offer and so get RELIEF?

Get a 1/5 bottle of MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder TO-DAY. If you are not completely satisfied with the results, return the empty carton to Macleans Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford, and your money will be refunded in full. From all chemists. Price 1/5, 2/3, 5/7½. Also in Tablet Form in 9d. tins or in bottles at 1/5, and 2/3 (including Purchase Tax). Only genuine if this signature appears on carton, bottle or tin.

Alex. C. Maclean

"TWO-TON" COMEDIAN

★ Continuing his piquant pen-portraits of contemporary boxing celebrities, A. W. HELLIWELL introduces "Two-Ton" Tony Galento, the beer-barrel fighter who never trains, and who should have fought in the picturesque days of the bare-knuckle roysterers

IT was from the comfortable depths of one of those soft red leather armchairs in the lounge of Jack Dempsey's famous restaurant on the corner of 50th and Broadway that I first set unbelieving eyes upon the astonishing silhouette of Antonio Galento.

I was staring with mild interest at a rotund stranger from whose battered and homely features there protruded a black cigar at least eight inches long, when Max Waxman, manager in his time of three world champions, leaned across and whispered that he was a fighter.

My first inclination was to set aside my glass. I thought that maybe my head was not equal to American liquor, which certainly seemed to have affected my hearing.

"He's *what*?" I said incredulously.

"A fighter," Waxman replied. "And a good one, too."

I looked again, taking in the aldermanic waistline of the gigantic roly-poly gladiator as he waddled towards the door, and gaped in wonder. New York, city of surprises, was living up to its reputation!

This was back in the summer of 1936, before the fame of America's freakish clown of clouts had spread to Europe, but Galento's astounding feats, both in and out of the ring, were already the talk of Broadway.

Waxman and Dempsey — shrewd judges both—had each had a shot at managing this rollicking, beer-drinking eccentric and had given it up as hopeless.

Not even Dempsey was tough enough to handle "Two-Ton" Tony.

Badly battered after his fight with Joe Louis, Tony gets consolation from his wife

Reckless, Headstrong

What, indeed, could anyone do with a comic fighter who thinks nothing of draining twenty-five flagons of foaming beer in succession, does his roadwork on a motor-cycle because he says running makes him tired, smokes cigars in his dressing-room and maybe eats a couple of chickens or a dozen steaming frankfurters just before entering the ring?

Dempsey persevered, sure that he had a champion in the making if he only could curb the crazy antics of the reckless, headstrong fat boy of pugilism.

He told me himself how, in a private work-out, he had slammed Galento all round the ring, sinking smashing punches wrist-deep in the rolls of fat around Tony's midsection.

"But I couldn't hurt him," said Jack. "He just laughed and told me to hit him again."

Some time before this Dempsey had tried to buy Galento's contract, offering to send him out to his ranch in Montana to train and harden up.

"There's nothing but fresh air and sunshine out there," he told the boxer. "You'll be right away from all the temptations of night clubs and booze."

Galento shied like a startled dray-horse when he heard this.

"Eh! No booze?" he exclaimed. "Dat don't sound no good to me. Beer makes a guy strong."

Vainly Dempsey tried to persuade him. "Think of all the clean fresh air out West," he urged. "It'll make a new man of you."

Tony shook his head. "I don't tink so much of dis fresh air at that," he grumbled. "A guy's liable to catch cold or sump'n."

Like Dempsey, Waxman was impressed by Galento's ox-like strength and superhuman endurance. He saw him as a future world-beater in spite of his crude style.

"But we had to part company," Waxman told me. "Galento is a good guy, but he gave me more headaches than all the other fighters I have managed put together."

Galento's name has disappeared from the headlines since he took a lacing from Max Baer last July.

The podgy terror's favourite "I'll moider him" threat—Tony always promised this before a fight—is heard no more, and the chances are that he is finished with the ring, certainly as a serious contender for world honours, but he still remains one of the most astounding and spectacular personalities of the modern ring.

Born Too Late

I shall always maintain that this thirty-one-years-old Italian-American "pug" was born a full century too late.

He belongs to the roystering bare-knuckle era, to the picturesque days of Bold Bendigo, Deaf Burke and the Game Chicken.

Galento's antics and eccentricities, his queer ideas of training and his grotesque physique would have made him a worthy challenger to those colourful champions of the past.

Tony has always claimed that his diet of steaks, spaghetti, ravioli and beer—he eats more than Carnera—suits him, and that if he tried to slim he would be ruined as a fighter.

Slapping his prominent stomach and draining another stein of beer, he will tell you that he likes a nice comfortable coat of fat on his bones and that he punches hardest when he is allowed to eat, drink and do as he pleases.

True his hairy, beer-barrel torso may look comic. He may waddle around the ring on legs like tree-trunks and with his paunch drooping over the top of his trunks, but there is nothing funny about the way he hits.

Galento put Louis down when he caught him with one of those haymaking swipes and, argue how you like, you cannot dismiss as a third-rater a man who can slug out tough heavyweights like Nathan Mann, Leroy Haynes, Al Ettore, Lorenzo Pack and Lou Nova.

He is as wide open as a barn door, is a sucker for a straight left and has been hopelessly out-smarted by smart boxers, but Galento has the iron-hard toughness of those old-timers he so resembles, and as a rough-house brawler he is out on his own.

Howls of derision greeted "Two-Ton" Tony's first professional appearance.

Tony looked like one half of a comic vaudeville knockabout act. Nor did he shape much better against the clever boxing of Babe Farmer, an up-and-coming young heavyweight who had run up a string of sixteen consecutive knock-outs.

Farmer jabbed Galento dizzy with his straight left. His glove seemed glued to Tony's face, while all Galento could do was whirl his arms in a fashion that had the ringsiders turning up their coat collars to keep out the draught.

For three rounds the ex-iceman did not lay a glove on Farmer. Then, charging like a rogue elephant, he pinned him against the ropes and dropped him with a blow that would have felled an ox.

I doubt whether you could find a more erratic record than Galento's in the form-book. He has beaten top-liners and dropped decisions to third-raters, upset the odds when no one imagined him winning and failed miserably when a bout looked a push-over for him.

Training on Wheels!

The spartan life of the training-camp is more than he can stand.

He used to be seen driving his high-powered car slowly behind his sparring partners while they trotted along the dusty highway.

"Pick 'em up, you mugs," Tony would be yelling. "I don't want to waste half the day doing my roadwork!"

If he felt hungry before a fight—and the occasions when Galento does not feel hungry are rare—he was just as likely to waddle into the ring bloated with hot-dogs and beer

No one could cure him.

Life is fun to "Two-Ton" Tony, and fighting was just the means of earning enough dough to pay for the good times he loves.

He is happiest when holding court behind the bar of his celebrated tavern, a stein of beer in one huge hand, a long cigar in the other, loudly telling his admirers what he would have done to "dat bum Louis" if he hadn't been unlucky.

Galento had never been knocked out, or even knocked off his feet by a blow, before he met Louis.

The champion put him down for a count of "two" in the second round, but Tony fought back furiously, and in the next session provided the crowd with the No. 1 fight thrill of the year when one of his swinging punches dropped Louis for a short count.

The world title was in the fat boy's lap at that moment—but with a stomach like Tony's there is no room in his lap!

Louis, although badly shaken, easily avoided the wild swipes with which Galento attempted to finish the fight, and in the next few minutes Tony paid dearly for his audacity.

What Jack Johnson did to Stanley Ketchel after the white man had knocked him down was nothing compared with Jolting Joe's vengeance on Galento.

Since then he has taken another drubbing from Baer, and my bet is that any form of violent exercise Galento takes in the future will be confined to ejecting any over-boisterous revellers from his bar.

LETTER FROM WARDEN'S WIDOW

● Mr. Norman Platt, a Civil Defence worker, was on duty as a Warden near his home in a North Midland city when he was killed by a land mine.

Mr. Platt had registered as a regular reader of "John Bull," and accordingly his widow received a cheque for the benefit provided by our Free Air Raid Insurance. She writes:

I am most grateful for your cheque. Although nothing can replace the loss of my husband, this money will be very useful to my young daughter and myself. We are both grateful to you for your kindness and sympathy.

"John Bull" offers a Free Insurance Policy—underwritten at Lloyd's—to every reader, covering Air Raids, Gas Attacks, Invasion and Bombardment. This applies to all civilian readers, without restriction, including Home Guards, Police, A.F.S., Wardens, Fire Fighters, Spotters, Fire Watchers, Ambulance Drivers, etc.

If you have not yet registered, the necessary forms for registration can be obtained on application by postcard (revised postage 2d.) to "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

The Last Laugh

J. H. (Worksop).—"I have been worrying so much because I doubt if I shall be able to pay my electricity bill at the end of the quarter." Why not tell the company and let them do the worrying?

H. N. (Putney Bridge).—"I have worked the same plot for fifteen years." Are you a gardener or a scenario writer?

M. J. (Armadale).—"I'm finding my engagement very wearing. My girl is so suspicious." The kind of girl who puts two and two together and makes twenty-two?

M. S. (Caernarvon).—"I've no idea where my husband spends his time between seven and eleven o'clock at night." Perhaps he hasn't, either.

T. C. (Huntingdon).—"I ran over a dog to-day, but I promised the owner I would replace the animal." Wouldn't you find it rather uncomfortable in a kennel?

DORIS (Edinburgh).—"When I advertised in a newspaper for a male partner to accompany me on a fortnight's walking tour, there was a great row at home over it." Why, was your father one of the applicants?

M. L. (Maryport).—"I am about to be married to a beautiful girl. She is not highly born, though you might think so judging by her appearance. She is only a fishmonger's daughter." We heard that one ages ago.

PILOT-OFFICER (address withheld).—"The C.O. said, 'Send me the best pilot we have,' and when I reported for duty...." He wanted to know why the devil he couldn't get what he asked for?

J. M. (Hunstanton).—"I sat down before I had properly finished an after-dinner speech, and what do you think the chairman said?" That you were very wise?

M. F. (Shrewsbury).—"That brings me to the end of the fifteenth folio, and before writing any more I'd like to know if my poetry reminds you of anything of Tennyson's." His brook.

L. J. (Stowe).—"If you were playing put-and-take with a man twice your size who was winning all your money, what would you put?" Up with it.

W. I. (Godalming).—"Although my wife nags and insults me when she gets home from work, I am nearly always ready for a bite of supper." She makes you feel like a little grub.

W. S. (Letchworth).—"The restaurant boasted about its good service, but I got a bit of a shock when I ordered a small steak." You mean you got exactly what you asked for?

N. A. (Leamington Spa).—"A fellow likes to see his girl sometimes, war or no war. That's natural." Well, cosmetics will soon be much scarcer.

P. P. (Rochester).—"Some radio speakers talk as if they had hot potatoes in their mouths." We are glad to think that our broadcasters take note of the Ministry of Food's praise of the nutritive value of this vegetable.

G. B. (Esher).—"An air raid warden can be too officious." For instance, members of a searchlight crew are apt to be annoyed when told to put that light out.

MRS. M. (Liverpool).—"I wish more men would follow the example of my husband, who has volunteered for three nights' fire-watching every week." See letter below.

MR. M. (Liverpool).—"Our management have decided to put typists on fire-watching duties with the men." See letter above.

H. A. (Cricklade).—"It was on advice from my wife that I decided to take up angling." She told you to "sling your hook"?

CLARENCE (Horncastle).—"He gave me a punch on the jaw and a couple of jabs in the ribs, so what do you think I gave him?" Best.

D. L. (Northenden).—"After all, what is to prevent me enjoying love in a mansion?" The rent.

MILLY (Southend).—"At a recent dance I saw a very attractive man, but he seemed to be a lazy sort of chap." He blew you a kiss?

W. R. (Torquay).—"In future I shall not call my daughter over the coals so often." Coal shortage your way, too?

DOCTOR (Manchester).—"I sent him a personally written invitation to my birthday party, but he didn't come and sent no explanation." Perhaps he took it to a chemist to be made up.

S. L. (East Coast).—"One bomb crater near here is big enough to put my house in." Still, it seems a silly thing to do.

T. E. (Ipswich).—"I met our grocer in the park the other day and raised my hat to him." You had heard he had got some cheese?

(Side Slips: See Page 17)

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"At 3 a.m. this morning I found the prisoner trying to play 'There'll always be an England' on a war drum with an empty Chianti bottle. On arrest, he told me to go to El Wah —well, that's what he says he said."

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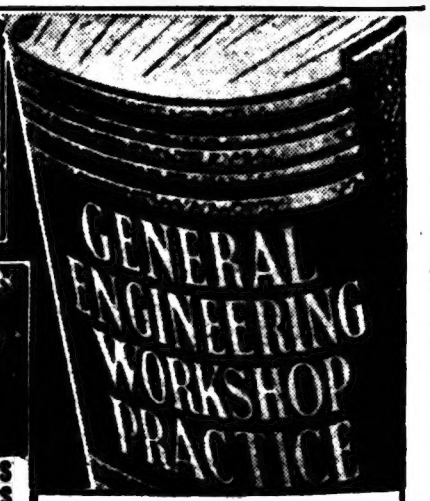

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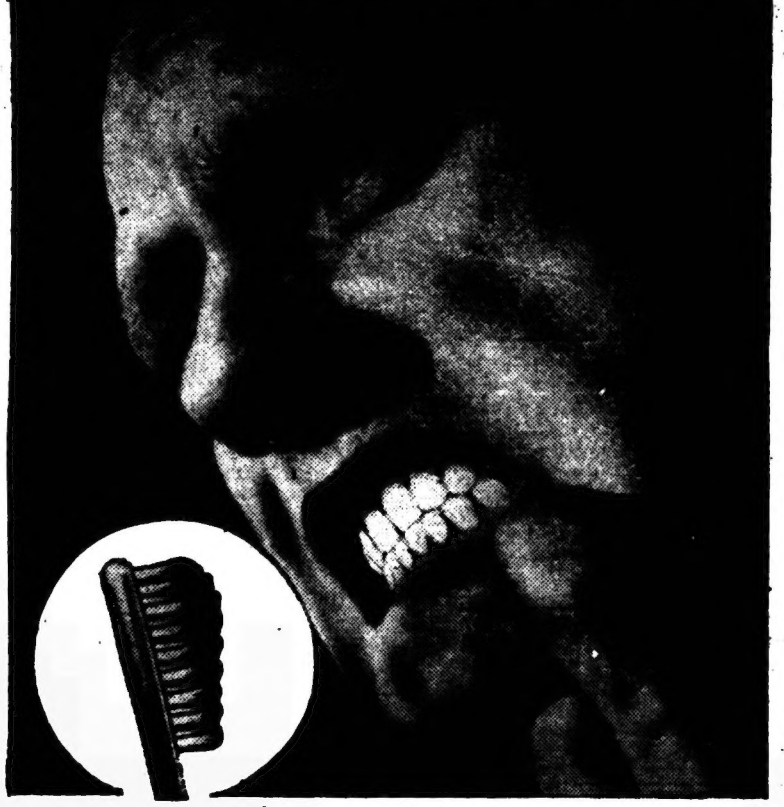

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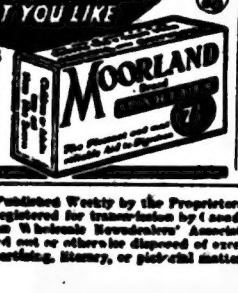

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